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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

With Mr. Balfour's letter to the President of the United States—a kind of rider, politic and humane, to the Allies' Reply—let us be done with these peace temptations. Germany has contrived them in order to impose on outsiders and to signal to treasonous hearts. There can be no traffic with the enemy in his present mood and strength. On the occasion of the League of Nations banquet in New York we described the programme (*SATURDAY REVIEW*, 2 December 1916) as one for "Peace with Disgrace". That holds good.

The reply of the Allies to President Wilson's Note has had a good reception in the United States, and is regarded as the most effective document that they have yet published. The theory of a draw in the war has been heavily shaken, and our aims are now better understood. Our determination to win the war is clear. It is clear also that the talk about British ambitions and the destruction of the German nation is all German fudge.

Greece has accepted this time without reserve—unless it be mental—the Allied demands. But it will be necessary to watch her every mood until, virtually, the whole of her army and its munitions are securely interned in the Peloponnese; and this process is not yet complete. Then we shall have what a wag may perhaps describe as No. 2 Internment Camp in that part of the world.

One strangely obstinate delusion about the Allies and Greece is as hard to get rid of as was the story in 1914 that the Russians had landed in England and were hurrying through the country towards Ostend in railway carriages with blinds down. The delusion in question is that we have not settled the Greek question because we are all tender Tories over the dynasty difficulty! This was ventilated by one of the "much-talkers" in Parliament some time ago, and now there seems no way of getting it out of the public's head. As a fact, it would be considerably nearer the mark to say that we have not solved the Greek problem

because we are all not tender Tories but visionary Whigs over the parliamentary difficulty. The idea has been that, if only we could get the Greek Parliament with us, the Greek people and the Greek Army would fling up their caps and follow with wild enthusiasm. That is a mistake. The country made much the same mistake about the Turkish Parliament years ago. But there are people capable of believing that if we could only set up a popular Assembly in Hades we should free the inhabitants of the Infernal Regions; and that the spirits there would hereafter always take the right side and live happily and freely ever after. Our real misfortune in Greece has lain in not long ago recognising that it was a bad egg, putting its Army safely away in the Peloponnese and troubling no further about its people, its King, or its parliament.

The chief news about the Western Front this week—though we have won a position or two on the Ancre—is that General Nivelle, the great man of Verdun, and Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig have been in London and have had a series of conferences with the members of the War Cabinet. The days will soon perceptibly begin to lengthen, and mighty things are being prepared. Everybody knows that we shall have a tremendously hard slap at the Germans before so very long now. We have got the right Army and the right leaders; we have got a compact working executive at home which is generally believed to be about as efficient as can be wrought out of the immediate available material; and the munitions are being piled up and rolled in. Turning to Roumania, we find the enemy held up on the Sereth, where he has been stormed out of Vadeni, six and a half miles from Galatz.

The Army must have the men or the nation will have to go out of the war—there is no other possible alternative, wriggle and writhe as the lately No-Conscriptionist Press and partisans may. Hence the War Office has been compelled to send a communication to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries that one-half of those men engaged in agriculture to whom the tri-

bnals have refused exemption must now be called up. The War Office is arranging as quickly as possible to place, by way of compensation, several thousands of men in Class C3 at the disposal of farmers. The War Office is simply doing what it is obliged to do if the Army is to be recruited throughout 1917. The Army must have an abundance of young strong men for the coming campaign. Their places in agriculture and other absolutely essential home industries must be filled by the young men who are not fit for full field service abroad. We have to repeat, either the Army must have the men or the nation must go out of the war.

Once more, after a period of a year or more of angry silence, the papers and people who prevented military national service so long as they could by every device in their power are raising their voices. They are pleading for trade, for industry. The public surely is not so blind but that it can see through this crafty move. The cry was started in 1914, it rang throughout the whole of 1915, and was not dropped till the Military Service Acts were passed. "Trade, trade, remember trade", argued and shrieked the No-Conscriptionists; sometimes varying the cry with appeals against the application of "Prussian Militarism" to liberty-loving England, at other times pretending that one free man was worth three, five, or ten conscripts. The passing of the Service Acts ended the cry in 1916, and there seemed really to be an end to that mean movement. But the dog is returning to his vomit.

In a letter to "My Dear Bethmann", now printed in the "North German Gazette", and dated 31 October 1916, the genesis of the Kaiser's peace promptings has been uncovered to the world. The Kaiser, filled with pity over the "morbid war atmosphere" of people in Entente countries, grieves that his enemies have no men with "moral courage" to speak the word (peace). Hence a "moral deed" is required "to free the world". It is necessary to find "a ruler who has a conscience". Then he bursts forth: "*I have the courage. Trusting in God, I shall dare to take this step.*". Having a conscience and trusting in God, be it observed, does not stir the moral courage in the Kaiser whilst he is engaging in such minor acts as torpedoing the "Lusitania" and various hospital ships, bombing open towns by means of Zeppelins, butchering hospital nurses and women and children generally, etc. "Moral courage" and the desire to dispel the "morbid war atmosphere" among his enemies only make their appearance when the Allies are known to be perfecting their plans for the vast Spring Offensive of 1917 in France. For cant this letter of the Kaiser's is surely unmatched in history and literature combined. It is Pecksniff, Stiggins, and Chadband rolled into one.

Enthusiasms wane—it is in all the history and nature of mankind. Enthusiasm is a fire, and to keep the glow and heat always at the same brightness and strength a god, not a man, is needed for the stoker. But enthusiasm for the splendid spirit which prompted Belgium to strike for her honour in August 1914 will never go out in this country so long as we have people who value honour at all. Belgium has been the Bayard of the war, and King Albert still stands out as the most heroic figure in the war. The separate reply his Royal Government has made to the President of the United States is a solemn historic document, which, we think, must secretly shame any German with a particle of decent feeling.

It was dated Paris, 10 January 1917, and its second clause, which we must quote in full, ran thus:

"Until Germany delivered her ultimatum, Belgium's sole aspiration was to live on good terms with all her neighbours; towards each of them she discharged with scrupulous loyalty the obligations imposed on her by her neutrality. How was she rewarded by Germany

for the confidence she showed? Overnight, without plausible warrant, her neutrality was violated, her territory was invaded, and the Imperial Chancellor, in announcing to the Reichstag this violation of right and of treaty, was compelled to admit the iniquity of such an act and to promise that reparation would be made. But the Germans, after occupying Belgian territory, showed themselves no more observant of the rules of international law or of the provisions of The Hague Conventions. They exhausted the resources of the country by exactions as heavy as they were arbitrary; they deliberately ruined its industries, destroyed whole towns, put to death or imprisoned a considerable number of inhabitants. Even now, while they loudly proclaim their desire to put an end to the horrors of the war, they aggravate the rigours of the occupation by carrying Belgian workmen into slavery by thousands. If there is a country that is entitled to say that it took up arms in order to defend its existence, that country is assuredly Belgium. Compelled by force to fight or to submit to dishonour, she passionately desires that an end may be set to the unheard-of sufferings of her population. But she could accept only a peace that assures to her, together with equitable reparation, securities and guarantees for the future." The whole reply is couched in this language of noble dignity and suffering. We are considerably mistaken if it does not make a great impression among neutrals.

The Prime Minister of the South African Union received an invitation to attend or be represented at the War Conference of the Empire shortly to be held in London. The Prime Minister is too busy to leave his duties, but a happy choice of a representative has been made in General Smuts, who is to be released from his position as head of the forces in East Africa. The enemy by this time has been much reduced in strength and moral, and is confined in an unfavourable position, so that a change of command and some reorganisation on our side will cause no difficulty. General Smuts is distinguished both as soldier and administrator, and in early years took two Firsts in Law at Cambridge.

A German sea raider is known to have been lately operating at large in the Atlantic, and the news is now confirmed that this armed and disguised vessel has sunk eight British and two French ships and captured two other British ships. So far the damage done does not equal that inflicted by the "Möwe" a year ago, though the new raider has escaped detection for a longer period.

Unusual pains are being taken to secure publicity for the new War Loan, and, so far, it is reported to be doing very well, and to be likely to leave the amount of the 1915 Loan, 400 millions, far behind. The generous terms of conversion for past borrowings have attracted a good deal of attention, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer might say, "It's your new money we want". The issue at 4 per cent. at par with income tax compounded offers the public a little flutter in speculation as to the future. This issue will be repaid in 1942, and the other of 5 per cent., issued at 95, in 1947, but the Government reserves the right to redeem both, or either, in twelve years' time. A sinking fund has been arranged to keep up the price of the stock in the market.

Even at a sacrifice, the utmost endeavours should be made to extend this Loan as far as possible. A good deal of the daily cost of the war has gone into industries which, even after war tax has been levied, show handsome profits. The experience needed to deal with this new wealth has in many cases been wanting, and there should now be no question as to what is to be done with it. While there is no cause for alarm concerning the immensity of the national war bill, it should be clearly realised that the money must be forthcoming to win the war no less than the men.

The Food Controller at the end of last week issued his first orders. A maximum retail price is fixed for chocolates and other sweetmeats, and a covering of sugar or chocolate on cakes and pastry is forbidden. This year manufacturers who use these sweets will have to reduce their output by a half, and during the winter the use of milk for chocolate manufacture is stopped. A new order for millers to come into force on 29 January is aimed at a further saving of wheat. Some modification of the rules for meals may be expected shortly, for it is recognised that they are not satisfactory.

The Board of Agriculture, after consultation with the Food Controller, has powers to reduce the waste in land, of which we speak elsewhere to-day. It can take possession of any land which "is not being so cultivated as to increase, as far as practicable, the food supply of the country", and, for the purpose of cultivation, it can take over farm buildings, implements, and stock. It can take land or unoccupied premises to provide accommodation for the labourers employed; it can use any water supply or other motive power; and it can require occupiers of land to cultivate it with a view to food supply. Such occupiers have an opportunity of submitting to the Board a scheme of cultivation. Special provisions are made for arable land in Ireland and concerning the waste of pasturage caused by deer in Scotland.

These regulations will not please everybody; there may be still persons who do not perceive the scandal of luxurious chocolates at fancy prices and other tap-rooted persons who want to use their land in their own way. Generally, there will be satisfaction that the period of talk and delay has given place to prompt and practical orders.

The new order, however, as it relates to game birds does seem to verge on nonsense. It provides that no person shall feed any "game birds" with pulse, wheat, or other grain or foodstuffs; and it proceeds to define "game birds" as pheasants, partridges, wild duck—and quail. We should like to know the name of the genius who introduced quail into this category. The present writer's experiences of "game birds" cover, he is sorry to say, some thirty-six years—"misspent years", the puritan critic may exclaim—and in that period he has twice seen quail in an English county and once shot at (and missed) the bird. His experience is probably similar to that of many, if not most, other people who have engaged in partridge and in general shooting in the South of England or Midlands, or North of England, between 1880 and 1917. Indeed, as anyone who shoots can tell, the quail is a scarce bird in England, save perhaps in exceptional years, and game preservers do not set about feeding it either with pulse, wheat, or other grain or foodstuffs. The thing is ludicrous, and we cannot imagine what the ornithological advisers of the Food Controller were about when they allowed the quail to be put on the black list. They might as reasonably have put the Virginian colin there.

But this quail fiction is only part of the nonsense that is being talked and written about the iniquity of feeding pheasants in war time. We may examine it coolly even at the risk of being regarded as idolaters of the "sacred bird". The truth is that there is no pheasant feeding to speak of in the country to-day, and there are few pheasants to feed. There have been few during the past season, and there will necessarily be far fewer in the season of 1917-18. In 1918-19 there will probably be, virtually, none. The talk of vast troops of pheasants coming out of the coverts and gobbling up the crops is absurd. The game-keepers and shooters, like the pheasants, have mostly gone—numbers of them lie under the ground in France to-day, and more will lie there before this year is out. Probably the birds which the alarmists have seen are wood pigeons and rooks. Both these birds do eat grain—the rook plucks

it up as it springs, sometimes—as well as grubs. We shall not solve the food problem by legislating wrathfully against imaginary quails and a few hen pheasants.

Of course, no sensible person desires to encourage the artificial rearing or preservation on a considerable scale of "game birds" at a time like this; and so far as the use of sound food for game goes it is right to take precautions. But we should like to feel sure that a good deal of the refuse often in the past used for game will not now simply be thrown away and allowed to rot as unfit for poultry or pigs. This outcry about great quantities of good foodstuff being flung away on privileged troops of pheasants—and partridges!—by selfish sportsmen is a pack of nonsense. An old partisan malice is, we suspect, at the back of it. The next move may be against the glutinous salmon and the epicurean trout for devouring our food.

Prebendary Moss, who died on Sunday last, will be remembered as head master of Shrewsbury for forty-two years. He devoted himself entirely to the welfare of the school and wisely and successfully arranged its removal to more spacious quarters outside the town. An admirable scholar, as readers of "Sabrina Corolla" knew, he maintained that distinction in classics which belonged to Shrewsbury under Butler and Kennedy.

A son of the famous master of paradoxes, Mr. William De Morgan, who died at the beginning of the week in his seventy-eighth year, had himself a paradoxical career. As a young man he made no mark in art, but at thirty he secured a reputation and a name among artists by his discoveries in the manipulation and ornamentation of lustre and pottery. At sixty-six he became a novelist and won the position of a "best seller." His art in pottery, however, far exceeded his art in fiction. His books, while they revealed a charming personality and a generous sense of optimism and the best things in life, are by no means first-rate. They lack form and restraint, and are full of rambling sentiment and appeals to the reader. He never wrote 50 words where 500 would do, which is a tolerable habit, perhaps, in the journalist, but not in the novelist. The artist is known by what he omits.

This week we have the heartening story of the two latest V.C.'s, members of an Army which has reached greatness before it has grown up. Private John Cunningham is a boy of nineteen, who joined the East Yorkshire Regiment at the outbreak of the war. "His conduct", says the official announcement, "throughout was magnificent". After the enemy's front line had been captured, he went with a bombing party up a communication trench. Left alone when all his companions became casualties, he gathered bombs from those who could not use them and went on. Having expended all these, he went back for more and returned to the trench to meet and kill ten of the enemy, clearing the trench up to their line. Private David Ross Lauder, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, made one of those instant, effective, and intensely heroic sacrifices by which this war has been distinguished. He threw a bomb which failed to clear the parapet and fell among his party, a prospect of death or mutilation for all of them. He at once put his foot on the bomb and smothered the explosion. His foot was blown off, but his companions escaped unhurt.

The world is poorer, we reckon, through the loss of Captain F. C. Selous, big-game hunter, bird-nester, soldier, and village-green cricketer, who has fallen in, one may say, his natural home, Africa. He drank life to the lees, striving and enjoying keenly whatever work or pursuit he brought his hand and brain to. Selous was well on in the sixties, but those who knew him can agree that he died not far past the prime of his stirring life.

LEADING ARTICLES

WAR AIMS AND EXAGGERATED WAR AIMS.

THE Allies' Reply to Germany and the Note to Mr. Wilson are apparently not militant enough for some people. Accordingly, once again—and we fear not for the last time—there has arisen in various quarters during the past week the loud demand that this war is not to cease (1) until the thing described as "Militarism" has been utterly and for all time stamped out in the world; and (2) that when that has been secured we shall establish a League of Nations and proceed to fall as one people on any country that proves or shows aggressive tendencies. It is to be noticed that even a member of the Government holds forth this iron olive branch to the bellicose pacifists whose programme is that the present is a war to end war on earth, and that when it is over we shall all sit down armed to the teeth, to keep the peace for ever among the nations. The idea, though conceived in good faith and honesty, is fantastic. It is the proposal of the idealistic Alexander of the Napoleonic era reproduced in an exaggerated form, the proposal which the Duke of Wellington—himself in reality much more of a pacifist than a militarist—declined to associate Great Britain with, on the ground that the country would prefer something more concrete. If we are to regard this war as one to end war utterly on earth, if we are to go on till the spirit of militarism is completely exorcised from future generations of the nations of the world, then we shall have to go on not until the Germans are broken on the Western and the Eastern fronts, and driven on this side across the Rhine; we shall have to go on until there are no soldiers left to fight, and the sources of steel and high explosive have run dry. Even so, it is not certain that some futurist race of men would not take to combat anew with the wooden clubs and flaked flints of their prehistoric ancestors. Man is competitive or combative in his very essence: what good purpose is served by overlooking, or pretending to overlook—for we question whether, at the back of his mind, anyone does truly overlook—this lesson of history and all experience? We perceive none.

The Reply of the Allies, based on humanity and common sense, goes far enough to satisfy reasonable men and women. It is a moral document of great sagacity and weight. It proposes to restore—so far as restoration is conceivable—the ravished and enslaved countries which the enemy of Europe and freedom is to-day possessed of. It proposes so to strike down the offensive power of Germany that she will not again be able to dominate and to drench Europe in blood. It proposes to rearrange certain territories and boundaries so that the national or race difficulties shall be reasonably assuaged. And after the accomplishment of this programme of ten nations working in accord together towards a common end, it is not a wild dream to suppose that at least a long era of blessed peace will be secured. To see and hope only as far as this is not to be pessimistic or to despair of the future; but it is pessimistic, and it distinctly is despair of the future, if we conclude that unless the era of perpetual peace and the brotherhood of nations can be added to the programme of the Allied Powers and the League of Dreamers be established we shall rattle back into barbarism, and all end by committing suicide. The fact is, the League and Brotherhood of Nations advocates carry their zeal beyond the bounds of reason and credulity. They do harm to the splendid and

ample cause of the Allies, for they confuse the real issues, and they will, if they persist, only succeed in persuading a large number of people that, after all, no lasting and substantial benefit can come out of the struggle, even though Germany is overthrown and her power for ill curbed. By trying to magnify beyond what is possible—because beyond human nature itself—the aim and resolve of the ten Allied nations, they can only succeed in discounting the ultimate victory of these nations.

The League and Brotherhood of Nations is a reductio ad absurdum of the quite logical programme of the Allies as it has been firmly outlined in the Reply to the enemy's peace proposals and in the polite Note to Mr. Wilson. That programme is attainable. The means by which it is to be carried out, so far as the work and duty of this country are concerned, are very clearly to be recognised in the force assembled just across the Channel. There are various theatres of war in which Great Britain and the Dominions have to play their part. It is possible—one cannot tell—that an addition of one or two may be made presently to their number, or that weight may be lightened here and pressed elsewhere; but the conviction is now becoming general among people of steady common sense that this country, with France, will most certainly strike home on the West. All issues compared with that must be minor issues. The notion that we can do something preternaturally dazzling by bursting in somewhere from the back of beyond is to-day quite discredited. Equally discredited and discreditable is the contention that those who—with the best military opinion—believe in the West as the one decisive field wish to cram every man and gun on the British front in France and strike there a "bludgeon blow". A great deal more than that will be done. A "bludgeon blow" suggests mere clumsy force minus science. The operations late last year at Thiepval, at Verdun, and at Beaumont Hamel, in all of which places the Allied arms were splendidly successful, were nothing if not accurately timed and highly scientific. Thanks to this accuracy and science, the casualties of both the British and the French were far below the average in offensive operations. The notion that Western strategy merely consists of unintelligent stone wall hammering, regardless of cost, is quite an uninformed one. The Allies in the coming mighty shock will certainly strike with a giant's hammer on the West, but the hammer will be swung by two of the most accomplished masters of war in modern times. Therefore the country must back them up without doubting and without stint. For the offensive of 1917 our own Army in France will need great reinforcements. It must obviously have, to say the least, a million recruits, drawn from the youngest and lustiest men in the country to-day. We are astonished to see that in certain daily and weekly journals in London an attempt is now being made to queer the Army's pitch—which is the whole nation's pitch—and to scare the public into believing that if we feed the Army we starve trade. It is a malign suggestion, which Government will have to stamp upon if repeated or insisted in. It is the infamous old game of the No-Conscriptionists being replayed.

We assert that those who are not with the Army and the Government in this matter of at once raising fresh forces are against the nation. They are false to the Reply and to the cause of the Allies. Sir Douglas Haig and General Nivelle must have the great additions in men as well as in munitions, or they cannot carry through their campaign. Those who would deny them are treasonous.

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THE MONEY TEST.

AS the old Roman said, "The merchant who deals in sharp steel can always command gold". The Loan will not bring victory itself, though the Bank of England be buried in the shower of gold and paper.

But it is equally true that there can be no keen edge to the steel unless it is continually sharpened on the golden grindstone. Sound finance is ever the foundation of victory in war; from the rudest sword-play of the little States of antiquity to the great crash of modern peoples in arms it is the last piece of gold, other things being equal, that wins. We are accustomed to think of war loans as refinements of the last two centuries. In fact, the practice of borrowing money for martial purposes goes back to a period long before the dawn of history. It is only the regular repayment of loans which is wholly modern.

It is quite possible—Mr. Bonar Law hinted as much—that this war, which has made twentieth-century man acquainted with curious revivals of mediaeval practices, may end in introducing the antique "Benevolence" in modern guise. "There are other methods", says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, discussing the unthinkable possibility of the new Loan being a failure, "and if other methods are applied, the rate will not be 5½ per cent." We may be sure that a humane man like Mr. Bonar Law is not contemplating a return to the painful dentistry of King John; but there is a Tudoresque determination in his tone which needs marking by those who have little notion of mixing patriotism and finance.

The truth is that we are in one of those tremendous crises in which everything ceases to be important but victory. For ourselves, as well as for Germany, the penalty of defeat is death—not literal physical annihilation, but the quenching for generations, if not for ever, of that creative moral energy in which the true life of great nations consists. We have seen how in France—though industrially she seemed to recover so soon—for thirty years and more the reverse of 1870 affected every department of her thought and activity with a kind of despair, leading in literature to a sterile cynicism and in practical affairs to a certain lethargy only recently displaced. The fate before the conquered in this war is far more appalling; Germany, it seems to us, has just begun to realise it in the cold light of the Allies' reply, and has recoiled from the prospect, preferring a fight to the last to a self-obliteration in which her own will plays some part.

In such a war, forbidding by its very nature of compromise, gold must play a more than ordinarily important part; or, rather, not gold, but the moral force which holds gold as of little consequence compared with the realisation of a great ideal. It is in that sense chiefly that finance in all ages has been the necessary foundation of success in war. No nation ever fought to its last shilling, in the conventional phrase; but it is the nation which dares to go nearest its last shilling which will dare other things as well that are essential to victory. In the long run, therefore, the competition in loans is not simply pitting the money resources of one combination against those of the other, but a contest between the endurance of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, and Italians on the one hand, and Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks on the other. Gold is only the symbol; the reality is the nation's capacity for self-sacrifice.

The Prime Minister did rightly, therefore, in insisting first and foremost on the moral obligation of the British people to lend to the Government all they can spare, without reference to yield and security, though the one is generous and the other unimpeachable. The new Loan will have failed of its purpose if it is not a truly national loan. The great interests may be trusted to take advantage of the most advantageous investment likely to be available with the strength of a British Government guarantee behind it. They think not alone in terms of to-day, but throw their imagination forward for some years. But even if the sum of these great subscriptions could meet the needs of the Treasury, it

would still be in the highest degree unsatisfactory if the Loan proved wholly, or even mainly, a financiers' Loan. One of the main aims is to tap the not inconsiderable resources of people who have never invested in Government securities in their lives, and one of the most interesting features of the scheme is that which lays down what may be called the "hire-purchase" principle of subscription.

To the old-fashioned it must be something of a shock to find borrowing recommended as a measure of thrift. The words of Polonius sound strangely in 1917. Instead of dulling the edge of husbandry, a considerable overdraft at the bank is advised as the "soveranest thing in earth" against future slackness. If you have savings of two hundred pounds, and a reasonably secure position, says the new finance, borrow money from your bankers to buy two or three times two hundred pounds' worth of stock and pay off the loan by instalments. You (and the bank) have always the security; it is ingeniously safeguarded against serious fluctuation; you stand to lose little or nothing in interest; and you will have a pressing incentive to economy for years to come, to your great personal benefit and the advantage of the country.

There is, of course, nothing really inconsistent with the advice of the old sages in this counsel. There is all the difference between the borrowings of "prodigals and speculators" (classes which Adam Smith bracketed together) and loans against security. But we imagine that the banks will use a wise discretion in making advances. Those impecunious people who, in the first flush of enthusiasm at finding managers anxious to lend money, come with fantastic proposals will, no doubt, experience an abrupt disappointment. It is obviously intended that, in the precious Ciceronian phrase, no individual should bite off more than he can chew. But, with this reservation, the scheme is well devised to make available not only realised wealth, but the reasonable expectations of a few years to come.

The banks can obviously deal only with people with a cheque-book—a large class, but one which includes but few even of the aristocrats of labour. We hope some effective machinery will be evolved not only to net a fair percentage of the present high wages of working men and women, but also to mortgage their future activities, as in the case of the middling class. It would be a great gain morally to the nation if the masses became collectively large holders of national securities. One of the greatest defects of our high finance in the past has been the lofty contempt displayed for the very small investor. While every scullion and chambermaid in France knew all about Rentes, few British working men ever penetrated the arcana of Consols and Local Loans. Our national finance was eminently wholesale in its outlook, with the superciliousness of small things which goes with that frame of mind. The demands of the war have given a rude shock to all these ideas, but the effects of neglecting the small investor remain. A burst of prosperity which is artificial, and can only be transient, finds him little inclined to lay aside for the rainy day. His extravagance is rather increased, and the freedom with which he spends aggravates in no slight degree the embarrassments of the nation. It is graceless work remonstrating with the poor for obeying a quite natural impulse; but the remonstrance needs to be made. As the Prime Minister said last Friday, extravagance at the present time has to be paid for in blood, and is a crime against the nation.

Unfortunately, the working classes, spoiled by many years of plenty, unfamiliar with the most elementary conception of thrift, have the greatest difficulty in apprehending their duty both to themselves and to the community. "Money is flat", says the French peasant; "it is meant to be piled up." "Money is round", says the British working man; "it is meant to roll." Hence that monotonous inflation of the cheap luxury trades which is the astonishment of foreigners who visit England in war time. We are paying for the perverse care with which in the past we have divorced

the masses from direct financial interest in public concerns, what with a high income tax exemption limit, the compounding of rates, and a minimum subscription for Government securities out of the question for the wage-earner. The man who neither pays his country's direct taxes nor invests in his country's securities cannot have a just perspective regarding his country's affairs.

No inference can be safely drawn from the working man's readiness to accept military service that he will be equally ready to sacrifice his small luxuries in the national interest. It is a commonplace that men will go to their graves like beds for causes for which they are loath to forgo a dinner. Thrift is a familiar burden but little appealing to those who are readiest to brave the dangers of the battlefield. Still a great deal can be effected by tactful work through the War Savings Associations, and we hope the working man will do better in this supreme effort than he has done so far. He would be the more easily influenced if he saw some really determined attempt to put a stop to senseless and tasteless luxury in other circles. It is only futile to preach thrift to the munition worker while fantastic extravagance reigns unchecked among classes which have less excuse.

The loan is the great test of staying power. It is the Somme of the civilian. The Army has already shown that it deserves victory, and can, humanly speaking, command it in due time. The nation has now the opportunity of proving itself not unworthy of the sacrifices of the French battlefields. If, in the vulgar phrase, money talks, it is only because the "crooked cipher" which represents a million will also in this case represent the virtue, energy, and unconquerable resolve that resides in the British people.

A WORD TO GOLFERS.

WE have it on the authority of the Book of Proverbs that "he that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster". On the Somme, on our great battleships, in our munition shops, and everywhere where the business of war is being carried on, there is no sloth, but a resolute and splendid activity. But there are still great wastrels at home, people who do not see that in this time of national danger it is every man's duty to withdraw his thoughts from his private interests, and employ part of his time for the general welfare. "In a battle", said stout old Samuel Johnson, "every man should fight as if he was the single champion; in preparations for war, every man should think as if the last event depended on his counsel. None can tell what discoveries are within his reach, or how much he may contribute to the public safety".

The discoveries to be made which are contributions to the public safety are not, however, those of cantankerous critics, and we would not increase the crowd of amateurs who are busily employed in telling Sir Douglas Haig how to win the war. Most of them would be better employed in reducing waste at home, in realising that in a time of public danger their habits and ideals must be changed. Everyone has, of course, a blind eye for his own little indulgences, or thinks that Providence has selected him specially to receive them. A pensioner is the person who objects to other people getting pensions. The man who can afford plenty of sugar thinks the public complaints of the lack of it absurd.

This country, immensely rich, and secure for many years, has encouraged waste. The "waster" has long since got into slang, which shows that he has been viewed with humorous contempt rather than the severe denunciation he deserves. The "waster" could point, too, if he had any gift for observation or reflection, to the English habit of wasting what is the Englishman's chief pride, land. Our roads, with hedges on each side standing beyond a generous margin of grass and flowers, our commons, our waste places enriched in the time of bloth with the infinite bounty of Nature,

make a charm peculiar to England. It is a charm that must yield to stern necessity in war time. A recent estimate puts our waste lands at twenty millions of acres, and this when the country is lamentably far from supplying its own food, and has lost to Germany its leading position in agriculture. This will not do, and the old slackness in work, the old indifference to new ideas, will not do.

Sport is a great feature of the British race. It has its advantages, which we should be the last to underrate—it is better than German beer clubs, where the greatest man swallows the most—but it has reached a pre-eminence in this country which is absurd. It has been ruined by those who play, in Iago's phrase, "for sport and profit"; it has been spoilt by pot-hunters and megalomaniacs who prate about "records", and it has been elaborated into a modish and expensive pleasure. Sport has been followed as if it were the only thing worth living for. Games have conquered the nation, notably, of late years, football and golf. The latter some twenty years since became so fashionable that everyone of any consequence had to attempt it. Spherical-bodied and sedentary persons were carried away by the golf stream, and you might see the chief grocer of the small town at the first tee of the new links digging out divots and shouting to a small boy, "Now then, scout, throw it back till I get a long 'un'."

This new rage for golf occupied an immense amount of land, fertile and unfertile. The best soil for the purpose is that which grows little, sand with "blossomed furze unprofitably gay", but many good meadows have been given up to a universal sport, and the face of the land has even been elaborately altered when it was not suitable for the game. It is this huge army of golfers which has to reconsider its position and pleasure, and we must say that it has, in many cases, been slow to do it. We have seen active, athletic young men on the links who ought to have been among the real men of 1914. The chairman of an Appeal Tribunal explained recently that the making of umbrella sticks is not work of national importance. It appears to be necessary to explain to some golfers that their game is not of national importance either. They take a high tone about their rights and privileges and the amenities of their clubs and playing grounds. We have heard golfers objecting to the privileges granted to soldiers on leave who want a game, and you can hear daily complaints of this green or that being disgraceful because worms have cast up earth or a few sticks are left unbrushed away. Men spend hours on the links worrying the worms, shaving the green to impeccable smoothness, while out there on the battlefield our soldiers, "spacious in the possession of dirt", wallow in mud, dig themselves a shallow trench in haste to save their lives, move day and night in a wild and desolate region full of shell-holes. They have no club-house to feed in, no small boy to carry their equipment, no careful servant to smooth the path for their vital game. The contrast is sufficiently striking; but there are comfortable golfers who do not appear to have taken it to heart. In some cases, we are aware, the ground for sport has been reduced, and portions of it have been taken for useful purposes, such as the making and gathering of hay by golfers themselves. This must be done everywhere, and it should be a matter of course to do it. A course of nine holes is quite sufficient for golfers in war time, and we should be glad if this reduction led to the disappearance of all prizes, medals, and sweeps for a mere game. If golfers have money to spend, they can find plenty of good uses for it. As for the medal, or silver spoon, or other reward of a "record", we should think it disgraceful to own it in war time. There is only one championship now which matters, which is vital, indeed, to every inhabitant of these islands. There are, we know, many golfers who have perceived these things. But there are also others. We saw lately small boys still employed as caddies who would have been much better beginning their training as boy scouts. The luxuries of the game, which are quite alien to its Scottish home, have, we think, been

generally reduced, but not everywhere. "Spend your Christmas economically" shrieked a large blue poster in a great London thoroughfare. How many have done so? The housewife has to toil round the shops and buy some shillingsworths of other stuff before she can secure half a pound of sugar. Yet a club-house this season has been graced by a large cake rich in sugar and pink lettering. Shades of Tom Morris and those stern Scots who look down on us in the club-houses where golf was played before it became fashionable! A sugared cake! To-day we see no necessity for such cakes, even at weddings. The man in khaki can explain to his bride that she can be well and truly married without such luxuries. He can bring home to her, if she does not realise it, the simple fare of our soldiers. He can tell her of the wants of those who are incarcerated in Germany.

However, there is no need for explanations to-day. What good sense and good feeling ought to have done long since has now been done by the Food Controller. The use of sugar or chocolate for the covering of cakes, pastry, and similar articles is prohibited. And in popular restaurants the familiar white lumps of sugar, which used to be the missiles of the gay and careless, are rigorously guarded and doled out. Who can object? Who grumbles in the usual British way over an unreasonable regulation? To-morrow there may be further restrictions. Who to-day dares to demand his amusements and his comforts as usual? This is the age of the soldier and the worker. Where are the thoughtless and fashionable young men who a while since pursued golf balls and other forms of pleasure so relentlessly? They are not at home: with equal vigour they are pursuing the enemy.

A MATTER OF PAPER.

HERE was once a Naval Commander in the House of Commons, a gallant M.P. for a North Country seat, who inquired of a friend where that member—indicating a familiar Lobby gossip of the day—sat for? The reply was, "He sits nowhere; he is the Lobby gossip of the —". The Naval Commander thereupon was greatly astonished. He had been for years in the House, but had not the faintest notion there were such people as Lobby gossips, and he had no idea "how things get into the papers" a nescience which, if we remember rightly, attached to some character or other in Dickens. Similarly, how papers are produced and distributed, how papers eventually get on to the railway bookstall, is a subject remote and strange to most of our friends. The average man has no more gone into this question than he has gone into the Baskish verb or the process by which the peacock butterfly won the eyes for its wings. Nor can we blame him, for it is a technical and trade subject which, ordinarily, is quite immaterial to the reader of papers. But to-day most things are not ordinary—they are extraordinary—and amongst them are newspaper things, and therefore it is necessary to explain sometimes. We would explain about the SATURDAY REVIEW. Scarcely a week passes without people writing to us to complain that they have asked for the REVIEW at this stall and have asked for it in that shop, and that in the end they have had to go without it. They cannot understand why this should be so, and they conclude that someone has blundered. But, really, it is not so much a case of someone blundering; it is a case of there being a war on. As a result of there being a war on the Government has drastically cut down the supply of paper (the raw material). It follows that papers are not sown here, there, everywhere on sale in the profusion of pre-war days; so that chance customers who are in the habit of buying this or that paper when they have a mind to do so, but do not order it regularly, are constantly lighting on stalls or shops and discovering that there is no copy of the paper in question to be got. Moreover, quite apart from the diminished supply of the raw material through State action, there is the fact that stalls have great railway difficulties to-day, and they object, not

unnaturally, to ordering many more copies than they are sure to dispose of to their regular customers.

There is—when a war is on—one way, one way only, of being sure of getting the SATURDAY REVIEW—namely, to order it regularly beforehand, either through the agent or stall frequented, or direct at the address indicated at the foot of page 71 to-day.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 129) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. G. STONE.

THE NEED FOR MORE MEN.

WE have been told and we know that "the Western Front is a radiant centre of optimism", an optimism which has been engendered by our proved ability on the Somme to beat the Germans in a succession of fiercely fought actions until his moral began visibly to decline, and a feeling of confidence, amounting to certainty, that, if the results obtained in July had been obtained in May, with a clear five or six months of good fighting weather to look forward to, we could have inflicted upon Germany a decisive defeat of such magnitude that it would have appreciably affected the duration of the war, and have exercised a dominant influence over the military and political situation.

But, unfortunately, July was not May, and, without going outside Sir Douglas Haig's despatch, it is pretty clear that we should not have been in a position to effect in May what we achieved in July. We must see to it that we have not to tell the same story of partial achievement in 1917 as we had in 1916. For what does the Somme battle amount to? It has been worth everything from the point of view of putting to the test the great weapon which we had forged and to prove its temper: the terrible ordeal of initiation has been successfully passed through, and we know—and our "initiates" know—that our forces stand thenceforward on a higher plane. The Somme also achieved the three main objects in view.

"Verdun had been relieved; the main German forces had been held on the Western Front; and the enemy's strength had been considerably worn down" (Sir Douglas Haig's despatch). Further, it has given the Germans the exact measure of the effort which they will have to make to meet us in the Spring. "The enemy's power has not yet been broken, nor is it possible to form an estimate of the time the war may last, before the object for which the Allies are fighting has been attained. But the Somme battle has placed beyond a doubt the ability of the Allies to gain those objects" (Sir Douglas Haig's despatch).

But under what conditions were the Somme successes achieved?

There was a sufficiency of men—men who had been trained to such a fine point that several of them have told me, in regard to the 1st July offensive, that, from the word "Go", it was not necessary for the officers to give any orders, so perfect had been the previous preparation of every unit, sub-unit, and individual for the specific tasks before them.

There was also a sufficiency of guns of all calibres, and ammunition of every description; and finally there was absolute command in the air, not superiority, but command.

What the command of the air means on such an occasion would take an article to itself to explain; but, putting it very briefly and incompletely, it meant on that occasion that the enemy artillery was practically blinded, while ours, freed for the first time from the observed fire of the German artillery, was able, for that reason alone, to achieve infinitely greater results; and the fact that our aircraft were able continuously to direct and correct the fire of our guns, and to keep up communication between the infantry and artillery, made success for the former a foregone conclusion.

Apart, therefore, from the Command and Staff work, without which the best troops in the world

cannot succeed, the factors which contributed principally to make the Western Front a "radiant centre of optimism" were :

- (1) A sufficiency of trained men, including, of course, all ranks, from officers downwards;
- (2) A sufficiency of guns and ammunition; and
- (3) Command of the air.

If we have these three factors ruling along our entire front in the early days of Spring we shall all share the optimism of the heroes of the Somme, for we know that in that case our armies will be able to fight a succession of decisive battles all along the line, and that victory will be ours.

There is, however, an uneasy feeling that in regard to the first factor of success the requirements of the Army have not been, and are not being, adequately met, and that one of the reasons is the too easy optimism which listens only to what it wants to hear, and turns a deaf ear to the warnings of the Commander-in-Chief in France as to what are the foundations upon which such optimism may be securely built.

Assuming that our existing units in the field are being kept fully up to their establishments, which, of course, may be an incorrect assumption, it is clear that we require, in addition, sufficient men in training now to make good anything up to a million casualties from all causes during the next six months, bearing in mind that until we have reached the same standard of man-power production as our Allies we must be prepared to count French casualties as well as British when we consider the wastage to be made good.

We know that Lord Kitchener's original plan was to raise six "New" Armies, each of six divisions, making a total of thirty-six new divisions. It is not permissible to discuss in public to what extent this plan was carried into effect, or to what extent it was curtailed in order to admit more readily of augmentations in other directions; but one thing is certain, and that is that we require the whole of those thirty-six divisions actually in the fighting line, in addition to all the other divisions, and in addition to all augmentations in divisional, corps, or Army establishments, as well as a sufficient reserve in training to keep up the numbers by the continuous drafting of trained officers and men. The Germans have made a considerable increase in the number of their divisions. While admittedly reducing the establishments of infantry battalions in order to obtain the increased number of units, they propose to rely more than ever on the perfection and augmentation of their material resources. It is doubtful whether we have made any effective reply to this move on Germany's part.

It is difficult to avoid the depressing feeling that, even at this period of the war, and with all the lessons it should have taught us, our Government has not yet grasped the essential truths in regard to the manner in which they have handled the problem of man-power. To win the war in the shortest possible time it is essential to put into the field the maximum number of trained officers and men that it is actually possible to raise. If the raising and training of these officers and men is spread over a longer instead of a shorter period the country suffers financially and economically for a longer instead of for a shorter period, and the wastage in the field continues without the possibility of reaching a decision. It is probable that there is still a lingering hope in the minds of some that a miracle may happen and the war may be brought to a satisfactory conclusion before we have had to put out our full effort, to make our ultimate sacrifice for victory. The daily Press, perhaps unconsciously, fosters a spirit of optimism not based on reason. Successes are made the most of; when the Germans retire a hundred yards they are "hurled back", the Austrians are starving, the Germans will not stand the continuation of the war without an internal revolution, and more to this effect. We have created a magnificent Army, true; but are we not rather resting on our oars? There is only one thing that will bring the war to an end, and that is to produce more trained fighting men at the front than Germany, and the sooner we put those men—but not

before they are trained—into the field, the sooner we shall be able to dictate terms to Germany.

The machinery for dealing with the problem of man-power is now being set up. It is conceived on correct principles, but it will inevitably be a long time before it will be working without friction at full steam. The most perfect organisation on paper is sometimes curiously disappointing in its results, and it will take the Director of National Service all his time to obtain early results in the shape of a vastly increased human output.

There is a tendency to fold one's hands with a sigh of satisfaction when some glaring administrative deficiency is made good by suitable measures of reform, reorganisation, or reconstruction, and in our satisfaction with the means which have been adopted to lose sight of the end which should be kept in view.

The Directorate of National Service is only a means to an end; the end is to place the largest possible number of trained fighting men in the field in the shortest possible space of time, and to keep that number there until Germany has agreed to our terms.

It takes eight months to train a new division, and four months more of experience in the field to make it thoroughly efficient. Drafts, to make good casualties, should be trained for six months at home before they join their units, and be efficient in every respect but actual experience when they join.

SPECIAL ARTICLE.

THE R.A.M.C.—II.

BY BRASSARD.

THE mere fact that the new Government has not found it necessary to appoint a special Minister for the wounded, assisted by half a dozen talented Under-Secretaries, and housed in a commandeered hotel, really speaks volumes for the efficiency of the Army medical administration. It tends to confirm the popular belief that in the matter of the handling of the casualties of our enormous armies in the field Sir Alfred Keogh has nothing to learn from even the brainiest outsiders, and this in spite of the fact that he had much to do with the creation of the organisation he has directed with such conspicuous success during the past two years of war. The Army medical machine is no improvised arrangement, hastily run up to serve the needs of the new condition of things created by the war. It dates from the era of clear thinking at the War Office, when the Expeditionary Force and the Territorial Army came into being, and the country was endowed for the first time with a military organisation adapted for the requirements of a great war. The war has come, and, as we know to our cost, on a scale undreamt of by the clearest thinkers in the past, but the organisation provided for meeting it has not broken down. On the contrary, it has proved its inherent soundness up to the hilt, and has amply justified the wisdom of its creators by showing itself capable of almost indefinite expansion. This applies to the parts as much as to the whole, and to no part more than to its medical section, which, in capable hands, has successfully withstood the terrific strain imposed on it by the titanic contest of the past two and a half years. We may well be thankful that the Army medical machine has survived the scrutiny of a Government specially charged to remedy any defects discoverable in our national war organisation, for it has proved itself a very good machine indeed, if we are to believe the men whose task it has been to work it under conditions calculated to test its capacity to the uttermost limit.

To those who have watched the growth of the huge organisation dealing in this country with the casualties of the Army, the secret of the Director-General's success would appear to lie in his talent for utilising all the resources the nation has made available for assisting and supplementing the official machinery for dealing with the sick and wounded of the Army. Himself one of the founders of the British Red Cross

Society, and for a time its chief Commissioner in France, he was not slow to make use of its splendid voluntary aid organisation when he returned home to take over the direction of the Army Medical Service. Intended originally to supplement and assist the Territorial R.A.M.C. in the event of invasion, the V.A.D. organisation was promptly adapted to meet the needs of a war overseas on a scale much greater than had ever been anticipated. In the same way the great general hospitals of the Territorial Force which took form on mobilisation were utilised for the service of the whole Army, and by the linking of them up with the V.A.D. organisation the problem of the disposal of the wounded sent home to the base was solved almost as soon as it arose.

When one considers how extensively voluntary effort has been utilised by the authorities responsible for the treatment, accommodation, and transport of the wounded on this side of the Channel, it is amazing to find how successfully overlapping has everywhere been avoided. The complete absence of friction in the working of what is really a highly complicated business is no less remarkable. How complicated it is can be appreciated when we consider the variety of the wounded man's experience from the day he arrives in England until the hour of his final disposal, when he either passes back to the firing line or disappears into private life, a soldier broken in the wars.

A hospital train, which constitutes in itself a unit of the R.A.M.C., conveys him, let us say, to London. He is taken out of the train by the men of an ambulance column forming part of the London Red Cross organisation, and it is in an ambulance provided by the same agency that he journeys to the general hospital, tended on the way by a V.A.D. nurse. At the hospital voluntary aid transfers him once more to the care of the R.A.M.C. He is taken out of the ambulance to his ward by the orderlies of the hospital unit, there to remain until such time as the medical officer attending him pronounces him convalescent or fit for discharge. Let us assume that he has been marked convalescent, and so considered fit to commence another stage on the road to recovery. He goes from the hospital to one of its auxiliaries, that is, to some pleasant country house near London, where voluntary aid once more takes care of him. The doctor who visits him daily does not wear the uniform of the R.A.M.C., and receives no payment for the services he renders to the State. In his civil practice he is probably doing three men's work, but he manages to find time, nevertheless, to pay a daily visit to the little local war hospital, where his wife is, as likely as not, working as cook while his daughters are on duty as nurses in the wards. This is generally the happiest of the wounded soldier's experiences. There are no officers in uniform about to remind him of the Army and things military; the ladies who wait upon him are absorbed in the serious business of getting him well, keeping him amused, and generally giving him the "good time" that we all desire should be the wounded soldier's portion. Recovered from his wounds, the soldier is generally allowed a short holiday at home before returning to the depot, whence he is destined in time to be drafted back to the front once more to face death in the King's service. There are men serving in the Army who have done this circular medical tour, from the firing line to the base and back again, more than once. There are others, too, who never completed the circle, their journey ending at the base with their discharge from the Army as unfit for further service, perhaps blind, mutilated, or crippled for life. Let us leave them there, in charge of the new Minister for Pensions.

New diseases demand new remedies, and this great truth has been brought home very forcibly to the Army medical administration since the war began. The doctors who talk so glibly to-day of shell shock and its complications were unaware of the existence of this, for them, "interesting condition" two years ago. To get hold of anything likely to throw any light

on the problem presented by "trench foot" one had to turn to the records of arctic exploration, while the education of the blind was a subject of interest to few outside the ranks of a small band of philanthropists who devoted their lives to it. There is not one of these new medical problems that has not been tackled manfully at the start by the Director-General and his professional advisers. Special institutions to meet the needs of men suffering from many of these disabilities are to be found all over the country to-day, and splendid work is being done in all of them by men who refuse to allow the monotony of lives spent in daily contact with suffering to damp either their professional zeal or their humane enthusiasm.

Now we hear that the problem of the invalided soldier's future is receiving the serious attention of the powers that be. It is good to know this, for the problem is one of the greatest complexity, and, even if this affords some excuse for official reluctance to tackle it earlier, the fact remains that, neglected, it had already assumed the proportions of a public scandal. It was inevitable that the manufacture of chronic invalids should have formed part of the work of our great war hospitals. Men who have been seriously ill for months, receiving devoted care from doctors and nurses all the time, are liable to drift into a condition of mental and physical helplessness. Discharged, perhaps bereft of an eye or a limb, and sent back to their homes to subsist on a small pension, the moral weaklings among them are only too prone to accept their active working lives as over. They have done their bit, they argue, and the country for which they have sacrificed their bodies ought, in common fairness, to provide for them for the remainder of their lives. For many of these men such a fate is, unhappily, inevitable, notably for those left hopeless paralytics by the war. But the majority are not in such evil case. Most of them young and little affected in their general health by their physical disabilities, these men are quite capable of doing useful work in the world if only the right work can be found for them, and, once found, steps are taken to train them to perform it. Thanks to the great work set going by Sir C. A. Pearson, the problem of the blind soldier's future bids fair to be solved, but much remains to be done for the men whose disabilities are less obvious. This particularly applies to the victims of shell shock, men of the nervous, highly-strung type, whose mentality has proved unequal to withstanding the visible and audible strain of active service in these days of earth-shaking war. It seems utterly wrong to send these men home obsessed with the idea that they are good for nothing better than a life of passive idleness, for the doctors tell us that the often excessive sympathy of their friends and relatives only tends to aggravate their condition. Many of these men, we are told, would be restored in time to perfect health if only their discharge from the Army could be rounded off with a prolonged stay in some special institution where they could regain their normal mental attitude. But the fact that their case is receiving a great deal of attention at the present time makes it safe to prophesy that before long Sir Alfred Keogh will have successfully solved the problem of their future.

MIDDLE ARTICLES. THE EXPORT OF ART TREASURES.

By X. B.

OPPONENTS of the National Gallery Bill may be roughly classified as: (1) People whose sense of right and justice is outraged; (2) professional obstructors; (3) sentimentalists whose real feeling of regret at what all admit to be regrettable unfits them to face facts. Those in the first category should command respect and sympathetic attention. Their case is this: to make a breach in solemn, if implied, pacts of bequest and gift, no matter how grave the emergency or how desirable the end in view, is not only dishonourable, but practically

dangerous. Once such breaches of accepted contracts are resorted to under plea of expedience, none can tell where the practice may lead; the whole fabric of promises and trust, undertakings and execution, is undermined. They add that nothing, not even Titians, would compensate us for our loss of self-respect, and conclude that while conceivably we might get over the material loss, we never should live down the other. Nemesis in a tangible form would dog the Gallery, diverting gifts and bequests and patriotic intentions to the immediate personal gain of would-have-been benefactors themselves. However unworldly these people are, and without questioning their prophetic accuracy, we must admit that they are not only sincere, but also right in their contention.

But with the glib obstructor who puts up carefully staged opposition it is less easy to sympathise. For his inspiration does not appear to be single-minded righteousness, nor his mission constructive. It is enough for him to get the "tip" that the Bill is to be "strafed", and without much concern, either for the high moral principles involved or the urgent needs of the time, he will deride it as a grotesque measure or a monstrous Bill. Such criticism, although it may gauge the theatricality of its origin, is silly and wanton. The Trustees of the nation's artistic department find themselves in a desperate situation. For years they have listened to the anathemas of the obstructor and have taken in the dismaying indictment of their sins. For slothful inaction to the loss of masterpieces, for criminal inaction, they fairly "beat the band"; that is the burden and the pith (though far more elegantly and roundly phrased) of all the criticism they have been brought up on. Further it was impressed on the Trustees that if (as one would expect) they let certain Titians slip, their crime would be unspeakable, their doom horrible. Then at a time when the Treasury has a really splendid case for ignoring art, and when war objects, profitable and otherwise, attract all the spare cash in the kingdom, the entrance of these indispensable treasures into the market is threatened. Seriously alarmed, and no doubt cowed by all that they have heard, the Trustees make a serious and businesslike move: they seek powers to sell pictures which are not needed for a National Gallery purpose in order to purchase others which are essential if the English Gallery is to maintain its proud place in the world. Their effort is denounced as monstrous and grotesque.

What is the situation? Without uncharitableness we may say that every owner of great pictures has his price, and, given tact and compliance, can easily avoid all fuss and outcry when succumbing to temptation. Indeed, the last few weeks have shown that frail owners may be deflowered of capital pictures without a sound, and that we may wake any morning to find ourselves famously foiled, and the masterpieces safely in America. Time was when the Alnwick "Bacchanal" was earmarked as a picture indispensable for us. The other day, however, under cover of political excitement and the din of war, it was spirited across the ocean, to be followed hotly by the Denbigh group of Van Dycks. Next week, who knows what still more precious treasures, whose names we dare not whisper, will be passing through the New York Customs? Another and more sinister fate, of course, might close over them; for, if rumour and probability are not misleading, a so-called neutral syndicate is hanging about the English market waiting to invest German war profiteers' ill-omened money in commodities which would not benefit the Fatherland's exchequer.

What is the remedy? Frankly, I see but one with any hope of effect, and that a forlorn hope, a visionary's dream. Nothing but a sort of fanaticism, something akin to the sporting and indomitable resolution that drives men to the polar seas, will really help us. Material suggestions have been made: prohibition of export during the war, the imposition of an export duty on foreign sales, the institution of a stamp duty on all sales, and, lastly, this now famous National Gallery

Bill. Of these only the first is a preventive suggestion; the others are reprisal or munitioning measures. As for an English version of the Italian *Pacca*-law, whereby owners would be forbidden to sell works of art and Shakespeare Folios abroad, I am afraid that there is no earthly likelihood of the House of Lords letting that go through. Indeed, the very mention of vinculation has sharpened noble owners' wits so well that although there is no chance of such a prohibitive law in England, they have already brought the art of swift and secret transaction to perfection. Export and stamp duties would be, of course, quite ineffectual in preventing foreign sales, and the consolation of exacting toll for mortal losses would not be very comfortable. That leaves us with the National Gallery Bill, which in other important ways would give invaluable powers, and which in its ambition to equip the nation with the means of putting up a fight for the departing treasures is admirable. But, alas: (1) The enemy heavily out-gunned the Gallery, to start with; (2) the powers the Trustees sought last session to mobilise the entire dispensable resources of the collection (i.e., unnecessary pictures acquired by purchase, bequest, and gift) may not be granted; (3) by the time any powers were gained and put in force it would probably be too late to save the treasures that a prepared, determined and resourceful syndicate of rivals had decided to secure.

There is, I fear, and if I may be pardoned for facing the situation without illusions, no hope but that forlorn hope hinted at above. If the country possesses a dozen patriots primed with the determination and the means to intercept the dozen or twenty masterpieces which should not leave our land, we can, as far as this menace is concerned, sleep easily. There are patriots enough, no doubt, and more than enough men with the needed money. But have they the enthusiasm, the imagination, and spare energy to drive them forth on an adventure of this sort? In peace time they could not be found, we know; has war wakened the spirit and the vision that such men would possess? The event will show. But this is certain now. Only by men inspired with this enthusiasm and resolve, and fortified by belief in the rightness and the largeness of their mission, no less than by vast resources, would the needed initiative, mobility, and sustained keenness in pursuit be shown. The fervour and concentration of individuals alone could strike swift and sure to gain for the nation, if not permanent possession of the threatened treasures, at least time to organise a serious and definite system of either once for all securing, or frankly and without further protestations relinquishing, the masterpieces about which we have heard so much for so many years.

THE SKETCHING PERMIT.

"**M**R. TREDINNICK", said the neighbours, "be wunnerful busy getting Permits for the Visitors." It was true. Here, there, everywhere along the lanes, in front of you, or following, or passing appeared the Constable, his long form mounted on a small bicycle, his grey beard well in evidence. He was going to "conduct" a Permit. And someone would miss the top of the morning whilst he expanded to their utmost length the fascinating formalities of identification. "What a lot you do learn", he was reported to have said, "in this yere business!"

The residents fared no better than the visitors at his hands. His zeal forbade discrimination. Even Miss Katherine—known to the village for half a score of years, and once his aider in a spy-hunt "up along and down along"—found him a shade argumentative about her bona fides, and nearly adamant as to his erroneous view of her eyes and hair. "She were all *right*", he grudged, "but what of that caper back-along? The coast-watcher agreed 'twere signalling". His back expressed inflexibility as he strode into the study.

Miss Katherine felt ill-pleased. She had planned a cliff adventure with the sea-fellows, and was hurriedly stuffing a "frale" with bathing-suit, books, and rations when the announcement "Mr. Tredinnick to

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see you, miss", caused her to breathe an emphatic word and, with sea sounds in her ears and faery before her mind, to abandon hope of realising either. "Tell Mr. Tredinnick", she said crossly, "I'll see him in a moment."

The Constable received the message with equanimity. He adored delays. In the study he was luxuriating in inaction. He was, he meditated, "wonderful busy these days." Since sketching required a Permit, every woman wanted to sketch—just for the holidays! Soon there would be no life at all, only a dreary watch for unveiled lights and uncurtained windows. Certainly the present activity must be nursed—drawn out, not squandered. In such a spirit he awaited Miss Katherine's leisure, emanating the while an influence as gentle and as timeless as that which breathed in the room from books of sages dead and gone, and from Vandyck's beauties upon the walls that seemed to bend upon him their curious regard. From the garden came scent of roses. Through the "out-window" you observed farms that sparsely dotted the green hills up to the coast of the blue Atlantic.

Presently—too soon—Miss Katherine was with him, and after preliminary courtesies—it is not mannerly in Cornwall to open business until you have exhausted these—Mr. Tredinnick began to disburden himself of the Permit-book, two photographs, a bottle of seccotine, a sticky brush, and a sticky handkerchief. In handling the latter he allowed a reminiscent grin to relax his features. "My missis", in a murmur, "don't like this yere mess; it's the washing her grumbles at." Then, recapturing the official stiffness: "Can I have a pen, miss? Thank'ee, miss. And a chair? Thank'ee, miss".

Quiet ensued. For the space, maybe, of fifteen minutes naught was heard save the driving and scratching of the Constable's pen. Once and again Miss Katherine glanced at his great bulk as, with left arm spread at the acute angle of the schools, pen held in the traditional position, and grey head bowed towards his task, he printed or worried into round hand the indubitable facts of her Name, Address, Height, Sex.

Poor Miss Katherine! Lounging half in, half out of the window, she looked wistfully towards the sea, bluer, surely, more smooth, more enchanting than ever before! Little gusts of fragrance reached her, warm, yet fresh and salty. A gnat set up its thin skirl. The suggestions of colour, music, scent grew insistent. What were the sea-fellows doing—swimming in cool, clear water, or exploring secret caves, or lying in sun-sweet heather? How went those impressionary lines on sea-magic?

"I lie on sloping cliff with half-closed eyes
And watch the lazy circling gulls whose cries
Make plaintive music through the dream of sound
That like a coloured mantle wraps me round
'Twixt sea and sky.

"The heavy air is full of murmuring things,
The slow soft sound of sea-birds' gleaming wings,
The snap and rustle of the sun-kissed grass,
The quaint small note of midges as they pass
In airy dance.

"Where I lie deep, and drowned in formless dream;
Lost in vague worlds where sound and colour seem
In some dim way my very self to be,
The feel of passing wind, the scent of summer sea,
Come faint to me."

"Stand up, miss!"

The loud voice of authority tore through and destroyed the vision. From the presence of law faery fled. Miss Katherine started, then rose from her seat, and, shaking off the wracks of gossamer, approached the Constable, for the time was come to discuss the—in his view—dubitable items of her personal identity. Very earnestly he "perused" her build, eyes, hair, now rubbing his puckered brow, now caressing his long beard. Yet when at length he plunged his tone lacked conviction:

"Well, miss, ye're stout! . . . In pained surprise, "Ye're not stout? Then what do ye call ye'self?"

Miss Katherine suggested "proportionate".

"Ah", with approval, "yes, we'll say proportionate."

"Ye'r hair, then; ye've brown hair. Do ye say its not brown? Oh, yes, miss, it is brown." And brown it became—at least in the Permit-book.

"Let me look at ye'r eyes."

Miss Katherine somewhat hurriedly suggested "blue".

"Do ye say 'blue'? No, miss, they're not blue; they're grey. Let me see again? Oh, well"—handsomely—"we'll say blue-grey."

The ordeal was past. But Mr. Tredinnick, pocketing his paraphernalia (his own word), kept in mind his reserve of duty:

"Well, miss, what about that there signalling?"

"But, Mr. Tredinnick"—impatiently—"it wasn't signalling. It's all so silly. Where would be the sense in signalling to each other while we stood side by side and back to the sea? A whisper could have been heard. Why signal? We were simply practising eurhythmics."

"Yes, miss, I know ye called it 'you-whatisits', but the coast-watcher saith 'twere signalling; 'e knew the language, and"—Mr. Tredinnick turned upon Miss Katherine the Bible Christian's eye—"some of 'em, 'e saith, was very funny words. . . . Well, don't do it again, there's good ladies! . . . Have I got my paraphernalia? . . . Good morning, miss. Thank'ee."

FOOLSCAP.

WHAT is foolscap? Some to-day might say that it is the stuff on which what Emerson calls the "fool bulletins" of to-day in war time are written. We have it on the irrefutable authority of the New English Dictionary, known "for love and euphony" as "Murray", that "there is no foundation for the often-repeated story that the Rump Parliament ordered a fool's cap to be substituted for the royal arms in the watermark of the paper used for the journals of the House". Nor is it a fact that "foolscap" is so called because it is of the right size to twist up into the traditional dunce's cap, as a grocer creates a cornucopia of moist sugar. Doubtless the name of the particular size of paper is derived from its ancient cap-and-bells watermark, as is the case with the rather larger and more ancient size known as "crown".

Of old it was description enough of the size of a book to call it a "folio", a "quarto", or an "octavo"; and this implies a single standard size of printing-paper. But the vast majority of old books surviving to-day no longer exhibit their true original size, as every binding of them has meant a "cropping" of their edges. A Shakespeare folio to-day measures about thirteen inches by eight and a half, which is almost exactly what we should now call a foolscap folio; yet probably the original paper was some inches larger than foolscap, perhaps crown. For this reason bibliographers now give the exact measurements of an old book; future bibliographers, describing the books of to-day by their sizes, will have a much harder task, due to the immense variety of sizes in paper.

The familiar paradox of paper-folding is that when you double a sheet you halve its size. The flat sheet is called a "broadside", but as a book implies sheets sewn together, and therefore folded for sewing, you do not speak of a book as being broadside. Fold the sheet once, and you get "folio" size; twice, and you get "quarto"; thrice, and you get "octavo". Again, a folio sheet consists of two leaves or four pages; a quarto of four leaves or eight pages; and an octavo of eight leaves or sixteen pages. Thus a crown sheet thrice folded gives the size known as crown octavo, very familiar to us, as nearly all novels are of this size;

and a foolscap sheet folded thrice in the same way gives foolscap octavo.

The difference between these two, as every man knows, is that a crown octavo novel just won't go into the male pocket, and a foolscap octavo just will. Why "pocket editions", in the latter size, should appeal only to the male; what sympathetic collaboration between printers and tailors resulted in this coincidence; why publishers do not print new six-shilling novels in pocketable size; and what tailors would do if they did—these are problems not to be solved here. Our point is that, as contemporary conditions go, woman can pocket no books, and man nothing larger than foolscap octavo. Of course, the game-pocket of a sportsman's coat will take a bound volume of the SATURDAY REVIEW, but we speak in general terms.

Foolscap literature, then, is the modern reprint. "Everyman's Library" and "The Home University Library" are both foolscap octavo, as nearly as is possible under present conditions of classification. The former makes a determined effort to look like a "library" book on the shelf, and does not mind how many pages its volumes contain; the latter, to a discerning eye, compresses its subject into 256 pages. For, mark you, 256 is not only a multiple of the magic sixteen pages, it is the cube of sixteen, or four times sixty-four; and that leads us to the heart of the mystery. Some years ago there existed a "Unit" library, wherein standard literature was retailed at so much for every so many standard pages. Standard (i.e., dead) authors can be compressed; living authors have to write 256 pages on their allotted subject, so that for a shilling you may slip a foolscap octavo into your pocket. But there are limits to this privilege in war time. The paper bullets of the brain are less important than those that fly on the Somme, and all sizes of paper are going up.

THE MODERN DEITY.

LEAVING his office, nowadays the shrine, From which all England seeks the voice divine, He comes: upon his shield, emblazoned, see Those magic words "system", "efficiency". Around him statesmen, scholars, lawyers bend, Art, Science and Philosophy attend; His old familiars, Bankruptcy and Fraud, 'Fore his triumphal progress, shrink back awed. His features, slightly Jewish, show th' intent To save the State and net his cent. per cent. For gospel he selects the ancient one, Slightly amended—"Do, or else be done". Bow down before him! worship, while you can, The Modern Deity, the business man.

W. M. GLOAG.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FELIX SLADE IN 1815.

We have leave from Mr. A. J. de Havilland Bushnell to print the following letter, written soon after the downfall of Napoleonism, by his ancestor, Felix Slade, the founder of the Slade Professorships in fine art:—

Hôtel des Étrangers, Rue Vivienne,
3rd September 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

I understand there is not much hesitation in opening letters in this country and stopping such as are considered to contain any information which they think the writer would have done better in keeping to himself. A friend who leaves Paris for England this morning has promised to take charge of this, and it may in consequence be more likely to reach you. We have been here about ten days. The road from Calais is excellent. The country rich, mostly covered

with either corn or vines, without the least mixture of waste land, which appears to be unknown; immense forests on every side, and the post horses very good; of course I was therefore much amused, although most of the towns or villages are filled with soldiers, and of course subject to all the necessary consequences, such as requisitions, etc.—yet, as they are mostly English, I am happy to say they are kept under such good discipline by their officers as to give but little ground of complaint; but in other parts of this wretched country which are occupied by Prussians, Bavarians, and Wurtembergers, the officers a set of ragamuffins, accustomed to plunder themselves, cannot in consequence restrain their soldiers from following their example, and I hear on every side of such scenes of rapine and murder, accompanied by every species of wanton and useless mischief as is quite shocking; not content with taking whatever can be of use to them, these people destroy what cannot be removed. The French thus, you see, pay pretty dearly for the free quarters in which they have hitherto been living. Such is the hatred, however, engendered by this treatment towards the Prussians, that if "To Berlin" is ever to be the order of march, there is not a Frenchman of whatever rank that will not rise.

The Prussians will certainly at some time suffer for it. The Austrians and Russians behave better, but our troops have decidedly a character superior to all the others. It seems to be the opinion at Paris that the policy of the allies is to lay waste and ruin the country as much as possible in order to prevent for some time any fresh exertion. They are removing very fast the statues and pictures from the Louvre, and it is certainly for the advantage of the world in general, and perhaps above all of England, that the boundless collection of chefs d'œuvres should be on our shore (sic), yet it cannot be denied that the former possessors have done right in reclaiming their property.

All the pictures of the French victories under Napoleon are either covered or removed, his statues have followed the like fate, and they are busily employed in removing the initials of his name which appear everywhere; in short, they are endeavouring to destroy the remembrance of him. This is a task that cannot be accomplished, for he is so identified with what the French consider as the glory of his country that, notwithstanding all his faults, which they are ready enough to see, he will always retain many enthusiastic friends. The people here are in a most wretched state of indecision; the allies are eating up the country. They will not say what their ultimate intentions are, nor when they intend to leave the country. The King a mere cipher, seeing his allies destroy France and ravaging the ornaments of the capital—everybody discontented, yet hardly knowing what they want, all divided into parties. What will be the end nobody pretends to foresee. The only thing certain is that, though all appears calm, it is only produced by overwhelming force that keeps down what remains of energy, and when the allies are withdrawn there will be a dreadful storm. Now all is quiet and will, of course, until then remain so. The people are kept as much in ignorance as possible of the state of agitation the Southern Provinces are in.

If I were King I should fancy I had a most uncertain seat. Of course, it is not very easy, under the present circumstances, to dive into people's sentiments. I am most busily employed the whole of every day in looking at the wonders of this place, and there still remains much to be seen; indeed, there is no end to the time that may be passed in the Louvre alone. There are not here as many Englishmen as I expected to find; those that do not come now will, I think, hereafter regret it. My paper is at an end. Adieu, my dear sir,

F(ELIX) S(LADE).

The Emperor of Russia scarcely ever shows himself, and when he does appears very ill-tempered; the most excellent discipline is observed in Paris. There are no French soldiers there; the National Guard do the duty there conjointly with the allied troops.

SOME BENEFITS OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20, West Park Road, Kew,

10 January 1917.

SIR,—1. The war has bestowed one boon that no Government and no party could have possibly conferred on us—it has consolidated the Empire. Previously the constituent members of the Empire were connected together by very fragile ties, and the value of Imperial union was so little understood that on one occasion at least a British Minister "banged and bolted the door" in the face of a member of the Empire. The war, however, has fused the parts in one solid whole, and by the creation of the Imperial Council the Empire has become "tutus, teres atque rotundus".

2. The war has done much to dissipate the fog of poisonous party spirit which darkened the country in 1914. If one observed a few friends with sorrowful looks engaged in earnest conversation and timidly inquired what catastrophe had befallen the country, as often as not the answer was, "Stiggins has defeated Wiggins at the Little Pedlington election". This contemptible frame of mind has been sensibly bettered by the war.

3. The war has loosened the chain of Free Trade imposed on our manufacturers and merchants by the amiable and impecunious Mr. R. Cobden. English Free Trade, which helped so materially to build the German fleet, is dying, although not yet dead. It is a national duty to kill it.

4. Even the most unimpressionable and phlegmatic body in England, the schoolmasters, have been stirred by the war. They have turned over in their slumber, yawned, and uttered some few intelligible words. It must be impressed upon them by the nation, if not by the parents, that we will no longer tolerate their turning out boys after five or six years' schooling who know nothing of the nature of the ground they walk on, the air they breathe, and the water they drink. The account is not balanced by the fact that some of these youths can read Thucydides as fluently as Macaulay, and can write Latin (though not English) poetry. Science must be given her due.

Yours obediently,

H. W. L. HIME, Lieut.-Col.

THE WAR AND CONSISTENCY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 13 January there is a letter signed "Walter Felce", to which I beg leave to submit a reply. The writer says "it is inconsistent to fight for the smaller nationalities and yet to refuse Ireland Home Rule". May I ask what Mr. Felce means by "Home Rule" and by "smaller nationalities"? Ireland never was a nation, and there never was such a thing as Irish nationality. Before Strongbow's invasion Ireland was the seat of five several kingdoms or principalities—Ulster, Munster, Leinster, Connaught, and Meath—which were perpetually at war among themselves. The Norman invasion itself was caused by the flight of the wife of one of these petty princes who was abducted—voluntarily or otherwise—by a petty prince who was not her husband. Ireland never had Home Rule until Grattan's Parliament, and the Home Rule of Grattan's Parliament brought about the Rebellion of 1798 and eventually the Union of 1801. So much for Ireland as a "smaller nationality".

Mr. Felce's minor premiss is false, his conclusion is therefore invalid. I need only add that recent events—especially Easter Week of 1916—have shown that under any and every form of separate legislature a "Home Ruled" Ireland would be a danger to Great Britain and a possible ally for any and every enemy of the British Empire. Mr. Felce would perhaps point to the loyalty of the Colonies as proving that a Home-Ruled dependency is not necessarily hostile, to which

I reply that Canada is three thousand miles away, and that Holyhead is just seventy miles from Dublin.

I submit accordingly that Ireland has no claim to Home Rule on the ground of nationality, and that any other claim to Home Rule is set aside because of danger to the Empire. I could say much more, but must not intrude on your space. I have not touched on Mr. Felce's reference to the Welsh Church question, because I do not profess to understand it, whereas I have studied the Irish question for the greater part of a long life.

Yours, etc.,

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON.

THE OLYMPIANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The House in the Wood, Woking.

SIR,—The serenity of the dwellers in Olympus was somewhat disturbed—there was war upon the earth.

It is true that they were far removed from the stress and turmoil beneath them, but the shock of the great combat reached even to those regions of calm security in which the Lofty Ones choose to dwell, and, although from time to time cries of anguish from the stricken earth pierced their unwilling ears, yet they gave no sign and spoke no word.

Indeed, they dare not break the great law of their existence, for, should they express horror at the dark deeds being perpetrated, they would at once descend to the lowly level of the "brotherhood-of-man"—Olympians no longer.

In silence, then, they watched the forces of oppression, greed of power, and brutality assuming concrete form; in silence they saw all laws of humanity and civilisation trampled underfoot, and only when the agonised cries of the victims became too insistent were they moved to occasional mutterings and threats of vengeance. And the great fight continued, and only the Olympians held aloof. But there came a day when the Great Aggressor began to feel his strength wane, and so he cried to those August Ones to proclaim to all the world that out of his lovingkindness and goodness of heart he would fain put an end to further bloodshed.

Now at this selfsame moment it was borne in upon the mind of one of these Remote Ones that the time had come for him to direct the course of the world's events, and from the high altitudes in which he dwelt his voice at last broke the silence.

Alas for our Olympian! So far was he removed from the heart of the world, he could no longer see that a great chasm lay between the forces that stood for Freedom and the forces of Tyranny, nor could he distinguish between the wilful wreckers of the world's peace and the long array of selfless warriors who fought to restore and preserve it for generations yet to come.

And thus fell the Olympian, with his mantle of neutrality almost rent in twain, and upon the earth he remains ever bound by the strong and relentless chains that mortals forge for themselves by the words which have once been spoken.

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

GREAT SCOTT OR SCOT?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Can the writer of the charming article on Scott in your issue of the 13th explain to us the origin of the slang exclamation, "Great Scott"? Or should it be "Great Scot"? Does the expression refer: (1) to the author of "Waverley"? (2) to the gallant naval commander? (3) to the oyster shop in the Haymarket? (4) to Harry Lauder? (5) or is it merely an acknowledgment of the Great Push, so perpetually and successfully made upon South Britain by the compatriots of "Sir Pertinax Mac-Sycophant"?

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17, Ham Park Road,

West Ham,

13 January 1917.

SIR,—As a life abstainer and non-smoker and a college-trained lay-reader, who has spent many years, both in town and country parishes, working amongst the people, I have read with much interest the letters appearing in your columns on the "Drink Question," and desire to say that I have found excessive drinking to be one of the greatest evils of our day and a terrible impediment in the way of winning the war. I have gone out visiting the homes where the people are on a Sunday afternoon, and have had men tell me that drink has been the curse of their lives and brought them to penury and ruin.

It has been said drink is "good food gone wrong." I feel the Government must deal with it more than ever before, and make it difficult to obtain.

Some have suggested total prohibition during the war, others the purchase of the trade by the Government—State control. But I do feel, Sir, there is one way in which we can influence others, and that is by personal example, abstaining entirely from that which by abuse does so much harm, and causes our brother and sister who err in this way to stumble.

There are cases where certain kinds of drink are useful as a medicine, as I have discovered in dealing with sick and suffering humanity, and as St. Paul directed Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake and often infirmities.

With regard to our Blessed Lord turning the water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana, we are not told exactly the kind of wine it was. Men have held controversies and written books as to whether it was fermented or unfermented, the balance of probability being about equal. We note with dismay the drink bill has increased to some £182,000,000, which has been spent during the year 1915 on this drink traffic, and one feels in the midst of this terrible war such a sum could be diverted into a better channel that would tend to raise humanity and give those who fail thus nobler conceptions of life.

Personally I really think total prohibition till the end of the war would be a good thing, and help to bring about soberness, temperance, and chastity. After all, the two elements we need in our own lives are sacrifice and service, a time when we must act up to an ideal such as "Every man for his brother and God for us all", rather than "Every man for himself," and in this way do our part to bring about a sober nation of loyal, God-fearing citizens.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES WHITE

(Lay-Reader).

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29, Gwendwr Road, W.

SIR,—In view of my letter "Is the Church of England Orthodox?"—which, I may add parenthetically, was the subject of no little comment—I feel constrained to submit the following "Thoughts on the Church" for the perusal of your readers.

One of the most vital questions to be considered is whether the English Church, during the wild confusion of the Reformation, was driven into some authoritative and formal repudiation of an integral part of the Catholic faith. We are all aware that there was a reaction against Mediaevalism, and that many of the extreme reformers in England held views which were distinctly heretical; but it must be emphasised that the Church is by no means committed to their erroneous views. (And all those who, for that reason, are fully alive to the Catholic claims of the Church of England should continue to urge for the use of the Missal, for which we have full and lawful authority.)

Again, persons whom it would be difficult to regard

as being orthodox have been teachers within the pale of the English Church during the sixteenth century and onwards; and, on this account, we may be absolutely certain that her standard of doctrinal discipline has been often of a most unsatisfactory character; but it must be carefully remembered that there is a marked distinction between heresy and a failure of doctrinal discipline; that the Church of England is distinctly orthodox I have endeavoured to show in my letter: "Is the Church of England Orthodox?" The Church admits the charge of laxity; but undiscipline does not unchurch a Church. We may, with advantage, re-echo the words of St. Basil: "Our tribulations are proclaimed the whole world over. The doctrines of the Fathers are despised; the apostolic traditions are reckoned for nothing; the discoveries of innovating men hold sway in the churches; men are no longer theologians, but logical disputants; true shepherds are banished, and grievous wolves are brought in".

We cannot deplore too deeply such an unfortunate state of affairs, but we must ever bear in mind that men are allowed to teach in the name of the Church what is not her doctrine; but this undiscipline in doctrine is at least no worse than undiscipline in morals: the tolerated teaching of error no more decatholicises a Church than tolerated laxity of clerical morals. There can be no doubt that the Church largely sold her freedom for the purpose of exercising her own discipline in payment for her position in the State. Erastianism no more decatholicises the doctrine of the Church of England than it did that of the Byzantine and Frankish Churches during the Middle Ages.

Again, the theological intention of the Church was good, and she was mercifully spared the action upon her of any of those masterful and strong personalities and uncatholic wills which became the means of helping the foreign Reformations down different roads of heretical defection; but upon our inquiring whether the Church arrived at a satisfactory statement of doctrine, the answer must be given to a great extent in the negative.

Yours, etc.,

HENRY J. NASH.

REPENTANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12, Trafalgar Studios, Chelsea,

24 December 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent W. R. W. is vexed with me; and though, in candour, I must admit that I did design ever so little a twist to his tail, I seem to have given offence in a point where I did not mean it—namely, in assuming him to be no Christian nor Churchman. I did not call him a heretic; I thought he was an agnostic, because he said that this war was an argument against belief in a benevolent God. In my young days this would not have been considered orthodox; but that he must go to hell in consequence is his addition, for I neither said it nor thought it.

But we will not argue about it. In my reply to his original letter I did not attempt to answer it in detail, but simply to indicate, less to him—for, as Matthew Arnold says, one never makes any impression on an opponent—than to those who might be inclined to think like him, a quite different point of view and vein of feeling. The dialectic of a Socrates, if I could employ it against W. R. W., would not produce the faintest good to anything or anybody. I would leave it to our readers (if any) to choose between two opinions: whether they shall think with W. R. W. that repentance is absurd, those who preach it animated only by base motives, and that bishops, if they must be seen, at any rate should not be heard, or whether they shall think with me that repentance is an essential part of Christianity, that men may be innocent and sincere in preaching it, and that bishops exist as such for the express purpose of leading and guiding their flock. This is the real issue, after all;

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and this is the last time, I hope, Sir, that I shall trouble you with my opinions on the subject.

Yours faithfully,
B. CHAMIER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 December 1916.

SIR,—A sentence in K. L.'s letter, of your issue of 18 November, runs as follows: "If we are engaged in Heaven's own fight", we can only win by God's help".

There seems to be some confusion of ideas behind this. If it is Heaven's own fight, surely the first assumption is that God is helping us; and the second, if there is any reality in the fight for Truth and Righteousness, that we are helping God, not as a *façon de parler*, but as a *fact*, and we must suppose that the end depends in part on our efforts.

Is the whole scheme of creation a game at which a heartless Deity looks on and will not intervene (like a householder watching his servants struggling with thieves, and will not help) in His own cause? Must we not assume that forces of good are fully operative in this gigantic struggle against the forces of evil? Does God passively suffer the Belgian outrages and the other unspeakable horrors that have taken place? Can such evils be allowed "that good may come"? Are our best instincts at fault when our minds revolt at the idea of God tolerating such things? No, the fight is real, but "maxima est veritas et prevalebit".

Yours, etc., E. S. T.

[This subject is now closed.]

"REFORMATION OR RE-FORMATION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 January 1917.

SIR,—The heading of Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's article in your last issue, as well as his object, irresistibly reminded me of a witty College Dean's remark before he began to lecture to clear the air about the Reformation. He said he was not quite sure whether he ought to call the Reformation or the De-formation! Mr. Blathwayt is more happy, on his subject, with Re-formation, however, and one feels grateful to him for his clearing of the air—it badly needed it. It has become far too much the fashion to talk in an easy way of a great and almost magical reformation of character in England after the war, and one rather resents it as an unthought-out assumption—probably due to the feeling that it ought to be wished for. But Mr. Blathwayt does seem, for the moment, to have overlooked the fact that suffering, of which there will have been plenty before this war is finished, is a means of reformation which does not need "sons of time". From that and its leavening effect in the community, combined with what may endure of the effect of the "vision splendid", some reformation may be hoped for; but for the rest, and for the most part, England will doubtless be just what the harder conditions of economic life will force compel it to be—which is very much in the region of Mr. Blathwayt's re-formation.

His quite tender suggestion about our women workers' lack of a "compelling sense of duty" is probably true. Only "vision" can supply it, and, judging by the reasons given for the way the women—mostly of our race—recently voted in Australia and America, our woman-psychology seems rather deficient in this respect.

Yours faithfully,
INTERESTED.

"PERPETUAL PEACE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Le Pré de Sanges,
St. Aubin, Suisse.

31 December 1916.

SIR,—If this war brings us at last (after century-old bodings in the dark in quest of that "Will-o'-the-Wisp", Europe safeguarded from war and its desolations) out

into an open space where men, with the help of God, may achieve the miracle of solving this great question, then will the brave dead be justified, and Humanity will have passed another milestone, on which shall be written in blood and tears "The Last War in Europe".

Like the muffled light from a dark lantern is the gleam lit by Francis I. in the "Treaty of Perpetual Peace", which he made with his enemies, the Swiss, after the "Battle of Marignan" in September 1515, by which the Swiss were to furnish him and his successors as many Swiss soldiers as they may wish to hire. A treaty, alas! soon broken; but what an inkling it gives us of the pitiful longings in men's hearts so long ago for "Perpetual Peace"!

Yours sincerely,
M. L. PARKES.

AN APPRECIATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 January 1917.

SIR,—You may be interested in the following extract from an old letter written by my father—then a Lieutenant in the Indian Army—to my grandmother:

Nowgong.

21 March 1864.

You ask if I like the SATURDAY REVIEW. I do like it much; it is one of my greatest treats, and I look on it as pretty nearly my only means for keeping, so to speak, up to the times. I mean that in this country it is better than any periodical I know for keeping one *au fait* with what is going on, not only in news but in every way.

This appreciation of your paper is evidently inherited, for I had taken it for some years when the packet of old letters came into my possession.

Your obedient servant,
A. J. L.

THE LIFE OF WATTS-DUNTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edinburgh,

11 January 1917.

SIR,—With reference to the review copy of "The Life of Watts-Dunton", by Mr. Thomas Hake and Mr. Compton-Rickett, which was recently sent to you, Mr. William Watson asks us to draw your attention to a paragraph on page 243, in which it is stated that "Mr. William Watson said comparatively recently that all he knew about poetry he had learned from Watts-Dunton's articles in the 'Athenaeum'; adding that if these were republished they would make some of the finest reading in the world." Mr. Watson states that there is no foundation for this statement, and he desires us to draw your attention to the matter.

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LIMITED.

MEDICAL MEN AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Grange, near Rotherham,

14 December 1916.

SIR,—If the Government are still in need of hundreds of medical men for the Army, why do they not recruit them in the United States and other neutral countries, seeing that the medical men left in civil life in Great Britain are already notoriously overworked? There must be hundreds—nay, thousands, of young men in these countries who would be only too delighted to acquire the knowledge of surgery conferred by a great war. It has always been the custom of other countries in former wars to welcome foreign surgeons, as, indeed, it has always been the custom to welcome and honour foreign combatant volunteers. The same pedantry and red tape, I suppose, that prevented us from availing ourselves of eager foreign combatant volunteers at the beginning of the war now stand in our way with far less excuse in the case of the non-combatant medical service.

We refused an Italian legion before Italy had come into the war. Yet what would have been more likely to have brought her into it on our side? We discouraged the recruiting of Americans with the Canadian forces. Yet what could have created for us so much sympathy in America as to have had Americans fighting with us and telling their own people the truth? I even saw the case of two American cattle men in Liverpool being fined £1 apiece for enlisting in the English Army, whereas they ought to have been given £1 apiece out of the Poor Box. Did the French lose by accepting Lord Kitchener as a volunteer in 1870? They have their Foreign Legion, and in the achievement of Colonel Elkington it has furnished one of the most splendid episodes of the war.

Your obedient servant,
GILBERT E. MOULD.

WASTE OF MAN-POWER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 January 1917.

SIR,—The "waste of man-power caused by voluntary enlistment" has not by any means been cured by the Military Service Acts; it is perpetuated by them. I was called up under the Derby scheme seven months ago, and, though I am a professional man, with skill in a class of work that the Army needs, and though I have made efforts to secure that work, I have spent seven *idle* months, punctuated by brief spells of manual labour, and am likely to continue in comparative uselessness until the end of the war. Not only is my specialist skill wasted, but I am rendering no real service whatever. It is not as though I were fulfilling one of those necessarily dull and boring duties that the exigencies of military operations demand of so many men; I have done nothing whatever since the first day of joining the Army that was in the remotest degree necessary, or from the doing of which I could not have been spared. To one anxious to undertake "national service", and with ability to render it, the humility of enforced idleness is considerable. And my experience tends to show that mine is not a mere individual hard case: it is typical. Everywhere I go I find numbers, sometimes large numbers, of men wearing the King's uniform to whom compulsory service has meant no more than compulsory waste of all their talents. This is a great defect in military organisation, and it is high time it was taken seriously in hand. I hope that in the public interest and in the interest of truth you will be disposed to print this letter; for I assure you it is not an overstatement of fact.

Yours, etc.,
CATEGORY C.

THE SINKING OF STEAMERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
National Bank, Amritsar,

30 November 1916.

SIR,—Can some really effective method not be devised to stop the wanton sinking of passenger steamers by the enemy submarines? It seems to me that the best way is to meet ruthlessness by ruthlessness. Why can the Allies not issue a warning to the Central Powers that for every merchantman sunk, an open town of the enemy will be demolished by bombs dropped from aeroplanes? After the first two or three towns had had a ton or so of high explosive dropped on them, and knew why it had been dropped, I venture to think the submarine would restrict its attention to its legitimate opponent, the Navy. Of course, it must be clearly understood that the warning would be carried out in its entirety.

Yours faithfully,
J. MITCHELL.

THE POLICY OF CHEAPNESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Oak Lodge, Guildford,

16 January 1917.

SIR,—The fruits of the policy of cheapness and of so-called Free Trade are now being gathered by the people of the United Kingdom, and must be causing bitter feelings in the minds of those persons who have hitherto worshipped at the shrine of the late Mr. Richard Cobden, and have been deaf to the weighty arguments of those who have consistently advocated the adoption by England of a Fair Trade policy.

Had British producers been generously treated and properly encouraged in the past, then our Empire might by now have become both self-supporting and self-contained and have supplied all our present and future needs at reasonable prices.

The present cost of commodities is indicative of the scarcity, chiefly due to our senseless and unnecessary dependence on the supplies we import from foreigners. We now have to pay 1d. for a 4 lb. loaf of bread and 5½d. for a pound of sugar (when we can get it), and other articles of consumption are correspondingly dear.

If the war, with all its horrors, brings about a more just and a more sensible treatment of our home and Imperial food-producers, then our nation may realise that it has not been waged in vain, but, indeed, for its ultimate benefit and its closer unity.

Yours obediently,
H. E. DOLPHIN, Lieutenant-Colonel.

THE PAPAL CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Norwich.

SIR,—I am somewhat surprised that no one so far has ventured to cross swords with your correspondent J. D. (of Belfast), who in your issue of 25 November questioned the correctness of the assertion "that the saints of the primitive Church denied the Papal claims as much as the Church of England", and quoted certain extracts from their writings against that proposition. Without entering upon a mere argument of degree or comparison, may I be allowed to point out that short extracts from the writings of any controversialists respecting the position, honour, and weight which should be accorded to any person depend very largely for their value upon whether at the time that person is in agreement with the author upon the subject under discussion; it being a very common characteristic of all controversialists, in order to add weight to their own position in the discussion, to laud the judgment, learning, and authority of their allies? In order, however, to find out how the primitive saints regarded the Bishop of Rome and his claims, a far more satisfactory way is to turn to a few actual and historical occasions when the Bishop of Rome interfered in ecclesiastical disputes of importance. For instance, take the Quartodeciman or Easter controversy in the time of Irenaeus. Did Irenaeus bow to the decision of Pope Victor? Everyone knows that he did not, but was his most vigorous and successful opponent. Or take Cyprian's famous controversy with Pope Stephen on the question of heretical baptism; or the account given us by Hippolytus in his *Philosophumena* of his dispute respecting Patriconianism with, and his opinion of, Pope Callistus; from both of which historical instances it is clear that neither of these saints recognised anything like the present-day claims of the Papacy.

Without trespassing further upon your space, and limiting myself to these three instances, may I remark that a few facts speak louder than many words?

VIGILANTUS.

[This discussion is closed. References to forgotten controversies of the past are really futile to-day in war-time.—ED. "S.R."]

what silly remark!

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

A MASTER.

"Interpretations of Literature." By Lafcadio Hearn. Heinemann. 2 vols. 30s. net.

LAFCADIO HEARN possessed a rare kind of genius, and, because rare, its expression is not for the million, nor does its wholeness respond to ordinary tests. It may be said of his creative work, it is magic; of his interpretations, they are true; of his style, it excels; but the power of the artist—his instinct and his insight—cannot be classified, even if in some sort it may be defined. His inner self used, one feels, the outer as an inn, and, perceiving from that shelter other "ghosts-of-ourselves", he hailed and kept their company in a temporary and unsatisfying world. Truly, when the hour came, he left his body with the ease and abruptness of the traveller who, having accomplished his sojourn, pays the reckoning and is gone.

With this author it were futile to inquire into matters of purely external import. Given the facts of his parentage, of his first, middle, and latest environment, we may gather from his works—illustrated by his published letters—all that we need know of his inherited and acquired mentality.

It is the inner life that tinctures the expression of the creator and poet, and that is not to be anatomised and mapped out by the stranger, although its quality may be glimpsed in the creative work before him. "Everyone", wrote Hearn, "has an inner life of his own, which no other eye can see, and the great secrets of which are never revealed, although occasionally, when we create something beautiful, we betray a faint glimpse of it, sudden and brief, as of a door opening and shutting in the night . . . and", he concludes, "is not the invisible the only life we really enjoy? . . ." Elsewhere he whimsically addresses himself: "As an animal you don't work well at all. . . There is some good in the ghostly part of you; but it would never have developed under comfortable circumstances".

If this personality may be judged from its outward expression, we must allow that the inner life of its possessor was of a quality as fine as it is uncommon. "Even the briefest comment on these lectures", says Professor Erskine, "must speak of their very noble tone." Was it Lafcadio Hearn's intelligence or his temperament that flooded this unique service of his with a spirit of dignity, of largeness, of devotion to ideals? We must think it was the whole man who was speaking, an artist whose brain and heart were both great."

And this artist—Japan's most inspired interpreter—brought all his gifts to the task of insinuating into the Japanese mind the idea that Western ideals are not necessarily perverted where they differ from the Oriental—that, for example, an Englishman may love his wife more than his father or mother, more than her father or mother, more even than his children, without incurring the reproach of disgusting immorality. It is, of course, self-evident that without some elasticity of view, especially as regards facts relating directly or indirectly to the position of woman in Western literature as reflecting Western life, the Japanese could not receive intelligently the expression of Western ideals in literature and art. From a letter to his friend, Mr. Elwood Hendrick, Professor Erskine quotes as follows: "I taught literature as the expression of emotion and sentiment—as the representation of life. In considering a poet I tried to explain the quality and the powers of the emotion that he produces. In short, I based my teaching altogether upon appeals to the

imagination and the emotions of my pupils, and they have been satisfied (though the fact may signify little, because their imagination is so unlike our own)."

Indeed, though, as may readily be supposed, this great artist was constantly learning Japanese psychology and weighing it in Western scales, he could never so have adjusted the balance as to modify Japan's criticism of the attitude in the West towards matters of sex. Yet we know from his students that his "sudden magic" reached them. How? If it be allowed to advance a theory, we should say he and his pupils met not on grounds of special manifestations of emotion and sentiment, but on the catholic ground of the sources of all manifestations. From such ground reason and criticism are alike excluded. As Lafcadio Hearn once said, the really vital side of human questions is feeling, not reason. The emotions are the oldest things in the world. In Hearn's view they are "ghostly", and "ghost" is his word for the essential self—self from which all manifestations of emotion and sentiment arise. "The hunger and thirst of the heart" is as universal a part of humanity as the hunger and thirst of the body. But, although both demand satisfaction, they are not in all parts of the world to be satisfied with one universal pabulum.

Lafcadio Hearn's own theories of inherited sensations, his sympathies, also, with the worship of ancestors, and the attraction for him of the ghost helped not a little to place him on a platform whence he might reach the emotions and sentiments of his adopted countrymen. If his use of the word "ghost" in all forms and connections were to be traced throughout his writings and examined, this would, we do not hesitate to say, lead more surely than any other clue to an apprehension of his power to reach the sympathies of the Japanese student.

The element of ghostliness was always marked in his own personality. The first religious question he asked was a question about the Holy Ghost (this at about six years old), and he characteristically discovered a mystery and awfulness unspeakable in the capital "G". Thus came in boyhood the seer's vision of beauty, to be regarded later as a "recognition", a "dim day's memory", a "shadowing of what has been", and to be a reason for concluding "that something of the ghostliness in this present shell of me" was far older than the present—that it carried back to far-away ages of a finer humanity, to an inherited sense—through the experiences of many generations—of antique beauty and power.

The beautiful lecture on Keats presents us with something of Lafcadio Hearn's feeling about ghostliness and its value in poetry towards the emotional expression (does not Jeaffreson speak of Shelley's "vehement emotionality", and is not Shelley Hearn's "ghostliest of singers"?). To Coleridge is ascribed the fresh infusion into English poetry of this element and quality, which is very hard to define precisely. "You must", says the lecturer, "be able to feel it. It is something ghostly." Longfellow, again, possesses in a high degree the "charms" of ghostliness: "In his most trifling pieces there is always some suggestion of the spirit behind the matter, the ghost beyond the reality". But, to sum up the matter as it appealed alike to the master and his pupils, we may quote a passage from the chapter, "Supernatural in Fiction", which gives a definition of the word that is full of interest and of scope. "If", it proceeds, "we do not believe in old-fashioned stories and theories about ghosts, we are nevertheless obliged to recognise to-day that we are ghosts of ourselves, and utterly incomprehensible; the mystery of the universe is now weighing upon us . . . and it is especially a ghostly

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mystery. All great art reminds us in some way of this universal riddle; and that is why I say that all great art has something ghostly in it."

It would be a commonplace to speak of the fine craftsmanship that distinguishes this author. That is a fact beyond contention. Moreover, as a matter especially of his intellectual judgment, it scarcely affects the emotional standpoint. That which touches only the present survey is that by "word-chiselling" and clear-cut phrasing he contrives to make the ghostly and invisible mainsprings of the artist as evidently a matter of fact as the "too, too solid flesh".

All who delight in the mind and art of Lafcadio Hearn must acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the hands through which these volumes reach them. Originally the lectures were dictated—"dictated out of my own head, not from notes even"; but, as the editor tells us, "certain of the abler students were able to take down long passages, whole lectures . . . word for word". The selection and careful editing by Professor Erskine leave nothing to be desired, save that he may presently fulfil the proffered hint of a final volume yet to be prepared.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF SAINTS.

"Saints and their Emblems." By Maurice and Wilfred Drake. With a Foreword by Aymer Vallance. T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 42s. net.

[REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.]

THIS is a very valuable book of reference which will appeal to two distinct classes of readers, artists and hagiologists. Needless to say, the two compilers have worked as artists. They are craftsmen in stained glass window painting. They deal with their difficult subject in a fashion that is only possible to men whose life demands extreme accuracy of delineation. And they possess an hereditary aptness for their task that might be expected from one of the oldest glass painting families of the country. The order and method they have adopted are based not upon the ordinary lives of saints which have been written mainly for ecclesiastical purposes, but upon the late Dr. Husenbeth's volume, "Emblems of Saints", which they have very considerably enlarged and enriched, not only with new matter, but also with some well-chosen illustrations. Copies of the earlier volume are very scarce. When they appear from time to time in booksellers' catalogues the extravagant price asked may be taken as an indication that the Drake brothers have supplied a real need. Indeed, it goes without saying that the ecclesiastical artist will welcome this new compendium, and will wonder, when he has it upon his table, how he ever could have got on without it.

In comparing "Saints and their Emblems" with the earlier "Emblems of Saints" the student will notice two or three omissions in the newer book which he may feel inclined to regret. One is that there is little or no reference to sacred heraldry. It is true that there is no great dividing line between ecclesiastical heraldry and heraldry in general, yet the former was used in typifying certain saints. These devices upon vestments, banners, and seals sometimes led to the identification of an individual saint. Take, for instance, St. Thomas of Hereford, to whom no emblem is assigned in the work under review, but who is easily recognised by the Cantelupe arms. Other instances might be produced in this country of regal, episcopal, and abbatical saints whose heraldic quarterings were used as emblems for identification and to convey the impression of saintly patronage.

The appendices, useful as they are, do not give the impression of the great care shown in the earlier part of the book. There are several strange omissions. For instance, no mention is made of the musicians having patron saints, although St. Dunstan, St. Cecilia, and St. Gregory might have been adduced as well-known examples. St. Peter Martyr, immortalised by Fra Angelico, might have been added to St. John Nepomucene as the patron of silence. Why, again,

one might ask, is there no mention of St. Andrew, the patron of fishmongers, or of St. Christopher, patron of porters, or of St. Luke of painters, or of St. Cloud of nailmakers, or of St. Camillus of sick folk, or of St. Aloysius and St. Blandina of foundlings, or of St. Dismas, the succourer of condemned prisoners? Then, too, should not St. Anthony of Padua be added to St. Gracian as the supposed helper for the recovery of lost things? St. Agatha also was invoked very generally for women's diseases, St. Benedict against poison, and St. Hubert was in great request by those who were suffering from the bite of dogs. Considered from a theological standpoint, these omissions have small importance to-day. The modern artist also, unless by a remote contingency, is unlikely to receive a commission to paint the emblems of these saints. But this book is very valuable to ecclesiastical antiquarians who desire to unravel some mysterious seal or fresco. These will regret any omissions, however small, from the most complete book of reference upon the subject in the English language.

The use of personal emblems for purposes of identification is a kind of natural hieroglyphic language almost as old as humanity, and certainly surviving among unlettered peoples to-day. In early Christian times it had two main applications. It was used as a sign outside a man's door to direct to him those who had need of his services when he was alive: it was placed on his grave to mark the resting-place of a craftsman. It said to all who passed by, "Here lies a baker, or a smith, or a stonemason". A knowledge of this simple fact gives both insight and interest to those who go into the catacombs to-day. So far as the reviewer is able to judge, the earliest emblems of saints and martyrs were used solely for purposes of identification. They included the weapons, sometimes simple workmen's tools, by which he was killed, or some other sign known to the initiated, but unknown to any unfriendly stranger, who might wish to destroy entirely every mark of a contumacious Christian.

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Some emblems connected with martyrdom are well known to-day. For instance, St. Catherine of Alexandria was condemned to be broken upon a wheel for refusing to deny her religion. She was delivered, miraculously it was thought, from this horrible punishment and beheaded instead. Very many people, therefore, recognise this saint by the emblem of a small toothed wheel, sometimes united with that of a sword. But how many know that St. Catherine of Alexandria has for her emblems also a palm tree and three white flowers? St. Laurence the Deacon was broiled to death A.D. 258. The gridiron is his emblem all the world over; but how many would recognise him clad in a dalmaic embroidered with flames and holding in his hand a bag of money? Moreover—and here is another intensely interesting by-path for the hagiologist—the wheel is sometimes and in some places an emblem of St. Faith, and the gridiron is the mark of identification for St. Vincent of Saragossa. In one French stained glass window St. Faith holds in her hand a gridiron, and on a Northamptonshire brass unites a gridiron with a sword. These are two instances taken out of very many to show the fascinating perplexity surrounding the identification of saints.

Whatever may be the guiding principles of modern artists, the mediaeval craftsmen in delineating saints followed a fixed rule of tradition. The growth of tradition, however, showed very divergent characteristics. Originally the emblems of saints and martyrs were more or less simple and literal methods for identification. Later on they became methods for teaching also. This is not contrary to the canons of art. While art stands for the expression of truth, the ecclesiastical artist, unlike the historian, is free to impress moral and dogmatic truth by drawing from the legenda. The legenda portrays the saint as a ruler and commander of the elements, and conceptions which appear fantastic to-day were used in mediaeval times to show the power of the supernatural. Thus we find among the emblems of saints St. Columbanus taming wild beasts, St. Julian overthrowing temples and opening new fountains of life-giving water, St. Anthony walking on fires. Possibly the actual legends themselves sometimes are far older than Christian times, and represent the daily struggle between the spirit and the flesh which has always been associated with the progress upwards of men. But so far as hagiology is concerned, such legends were portrayed not only as identification marks, but as witnesses of the struggle in which the holy ones of God had succeeded. They are therefore illustrative of the "theology of the people", which is frequently different from that of theologians in every age.

The legenda sanctorum, writing generally, is made up from two sources. There are the official reports, the acta gesta martyrum, which are more or less accurate, and the non-official records, which are often fantastic romance based upon a little truth. The martyrdom of St. Felicitas and her seven sons of Rome, as de Rossi has proved, rests upon "the cruel death of seven brethren and their mother" as recorded in the book Macabees. The story of St. Wilgefortes of Portugal—she is shown in Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster, and on a rood screen of worsted, with a beard, which she obtained by prayer to protect her chastity—probably rests upon the slightest foundation. It may be a misrepresentation of the Volto Santo of Lucca. Yet in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the cult of St. Wilgefortes spread far and wide, largely through the art of the day. And from the artist's point of view there is much to be said of both stories, depicting, as one does, a mother's courage and sacrifice, and, on the other hand, faithfulness to the conventional vows. And it is interesting to note that the age which produced masterpieces of ecclesiastical art was also that of the great mediaeval hagiographers like Gregory of Tours, Jacopo de Soraigne, and others who allowed themselves not a little licence with regard to literal truth.

There are few pleasures in life more innocent and more attractive to those who are neither artists nor hagiologists than the study of the religious art of past

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THE ROMANCE OF NAPOLEON.

'Personal Recollections of the Empire.' By M. Emile Marco St. Hilaire. Translated by Constance de la Warr. Simpkin. 6s. net.

PUBLISHED as long ago as 1842, these Recollections of Napoleon are here rendered into English for the first time. The translator says in her preface : "Greatly impressed by the directness and simplicity of the narrative, and by the many intimate glimpses it afforded of Napoleon at various periods of his extraordinary career, and in circumstances too frequently slurred or ignored by the more formal historians, it was with some surprise that I found the work had not hitherto been translated."

The surprise is justified, and the book is full of telling stories concerning Napoleon the inimitable observer, the friend of children and the wounded, and the potentate who imitated Haroun al Raschid in traversing the streets of his capital incognito with a Vizier and distributing, after the revelation of his identity, more generous rewards than rebukes. The author, like M. Arthur Lévy, in the neat collection of facts and sayings known as "*Napoléon intime*", reveals Napoleon great enough to dismiss abuse of himself as a matter of little moment.

The views of Napoleon's devoted adherent are, of course, roseate, but we have no objection to that. Taine and the depreciationists who arose after the fall of the Second Empire represent the other side sufficiently. There is Carlyle, too, in his "*Hero-Worship*", measuring Napoleon with Cromwell and finding him sadly lacking in the Cromwellian virtues. Some people are never done with abusing a peach because it is not a potato. As Renan says : "On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime"; and nothing is clearer in Napoleon's personality than the devotion he inspired in his soldiers and servants. The greatest men are heroes to their very valets, and the story of Hébert in this book shows what heroic risks the valet took to rejoin his master, and how the master in exile remembered him to the end. The only description of Napoleon's appearance belongs to 1796, when he was making his mark in Italy :

"Nothing from the exterior of the young general appealed to the eye at first sight; he was short, had dark hair and complexion, and was very stout, with penetrating eyes; his smile was cold and sarcastic; he looked delicate and lymphatic; his white and well-cared-for hands did not seem fitted for hard work."

This description ignores the fine features which were always Napoleon's, but it goes on to show that even then the army was fascinated by the magnetic power of the small, frail figure.

The volume tells us once more of Waterloo, and would be incomplete without some account of the last great fight; but we value more the hints of Napoleon as an administrator at home, his refusal of flattery, as when he angrily rejected the idea of his own statue replacing one of Mars, his sense of the importance of national monuments, and his zeal for such small matters as sound, clean pavements. "A workman", he said, "should be able to walk in the streets of Paris without being in danger of slipping on dirty pavements, or in fear each moment of being crushed by the carriages of the rich."

Seldom do such reflections occur to the romanticist, especially when the romance is on the largest scale, and one in which the protagonist is incessantly busy to keep his place.

We have said that the view of the Emperor here is roseate. It is so largely because the numerous failures among his family, who did so much to hamper his plans

and cast ridicule on his institutions, are not mentioned. We read nothing of the vain Pauline, and no details of Josephine's hideous extravagance in dress; we see, instead, Queen Hortense, loyal and self-sacrificing, and that mother who must have gone through strange emotions in living through the meteoric rise, splendid success, and exile of her son. The Countess d'Orsay supplies a last glimpse of Madame Lætitia at Rome in the year after Napoleon's death. Alone, very feeble, bedridden, and in pain, the mother goes back not to the great Emperor, but to the boy between eight and nine who stayed out in the garden in heavy rain and would not come in for all the thunder. He was rebuked for disobedience, and answered, "I disobeyed unwillingly; I do not know what made me remain in the garden; but as I mean to be a soldier, I must accustom myself to rain and bad weather".

So early had Napoleon envisaged his destiny, yet when he left school for Paris he carried the recommendation that he might possibly become a fair officer of marines, but nothing more. It is a fine comment on the wisdom of educators.

Napoleon has made so much history that he appears mainly as the war-lord of battle; but books like this and "*Napoléon intime*" are needed to explain and complete the picture. They show us a man, not a crazy miracle-worker with the insensibility of a monster or a demigod.

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"Stories of Russian Folk-Life." By Donald A. Mackenzie. Blackie. 2s. 6d. net.

The seven stories given here begin with one concerning the present war and cover a wide field of Russian history, going back to the time when the Tartars came out of Mongolia and descended on Russia. The story of the Peerless Princess who was imprisoned by the Demon King of the Underworld and rescued by the Golden Knight with supernatural help is in the best vein of folklore. It belongs to the period when Moscow rose to be the capital of Russia. "*Tsar Ivan and the Scots Soldiers*" shows how in the days of great Elizabeth the Scottish arm struck hard for Russia. The times of Peter the Great are illustrated in "*The Man who Fought the Wolves*", and the last story, "*The Old Order and the New*", deals with the enfranchisement of the serfs. "*Mikhail the Kringel Seller*" is a pretty tale of a lost son kidnapped by a wandering beggar and made into a vendor of fancy cakes. It is Dickensian in its sentiment, and reminds us of a recent story by Kuprin.

Mr. Mackenzie has added an informative Introduction, which puts the reader in the way to appreciate the significance of the stories.

"The Tichborne Case." By J. B. Atlay, with an Introduction by William Roughhead. W. Hodge and Co. 1s. net.

Not all readers will be ready to rank Mr. Atlay's work so high as does Mr. Roughhead in his Preface, but we can certainly agree that this narrative of the Tichborne trials and the events which led up to them is a model of lucidity and cultivated writing. The book from which it is reproduced, "*Famous Trials of the Century*" (1899), has long, we learn, been out of print, and Mr. Atlay was the first and only English writer to make a coherent and continuous story out of the lies and calumnies of the Claimant, the tactics of his supporters, and the proofs which in skilful hands finally pricked his egregious bubble. Public interest in the butcher of Wagga-Wagga lasted for many years, and quite recently we read a story of his machinations in the Bush which, if true, is an addition to the official record of his misdemeanours. The story as it stands is sufficiently ugly, and nothing could be more blackguardly than the lie he invented about his intimacy with the cousin whom the real Roger Tichborne loved. Apart from bodily marks which did not correspond, the thin, sensitive, and gentlemanly young man who knew French and had some decent education had to be transformed into a bloated, vulgar, and ignorant brute by the supporters of Arthur Orton.

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July ...	\$3,834,200	\$1,961,700	\$1,872,500
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September ...	3,187,900	2,757,000	430,900
October ...	3,716,800	3,678,300	38,500
Totals ...	\$14,423,800	\$10,380,800	\$4,043,000

It will be remembered that in October of 1915 there was a heavy grain movement, and it is pleasing to note that the traffic in other commodities has more than off-set the lighter grain movement this year.

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